

THE
MAYOR
OF
Quinborough:
A
COMEDY.

As it hath been often Acted with much
Applause at *Black-Fryars*, By His
Majesties Servants.

Written by THO. MIDDLETON.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold at his
Shop at the Sign of the *Blew-Anchor* in the Lower-
Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1661.

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As acted on the Theatre at the Swan and Lamb in
St. Dunstons Church-yard by His
Majesties Servants.

Written by Tho. Mordaunt.

LONDON,

Printed by Henry Baskin, at the Swan and Lamb in
St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1681.

GENTLEMEN;

You have the first sight of him I assure you; this Mayor of Quinborough whom you have all heard of, and some of you beheld upon the Stage, now begins to walk abroad in Print; he has been known sufficiently by the reputation of his Wit, which is enough (by the way) to distinguish him from ordinary Mayors; but Wit you know, has skulk'd in Corners for many years past, and he was thought to have most of it that could best hide himself: Now whether this Magistrate fear'd the decimating times, or kept up the state of other Mayors, that are bound not to go out of their Liberties during the time of their Mayoralty, I know not; 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honest man, which will appear plainly to you, because you shall find him all along to have a great picque to the Rebel Oliver; I am told his drollery yields to none the English Dramma did ever produce; and though I would not put his modesty to the blush, by speaking too much in his Commendation, yet I know you will agree with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is some difference in point of Wit, betwixt the Mayor of Quinborough, and the Mayor of Huntingdon.

***** : *****

Drammatis Personæ.

Constantius.
Aurelius Ambrosius.
Uther Pendragon.
Vortiger.
Hengist.
Horfus.
Devonshire, }
Stafford. } British Lords.
Gentlemen.
Symon.
Oliver.
Taylour.
Barber.
Aminadab.
Footmen.
Souldiers.
Cheaters.
Cassius.
Roxena.
Ladies.
Raynulp Monck of Chester.
Germanus. }
Lupus. } Moncks.
Grassiers.

The Mayor of Quinborough.

ACT. I. SCENA I.

Enter Raynolph:

Ray. **W**Hat *Raynolph* Monck of *Chester* can
Raife from his Polycranicon
That raifeth him as works do men

To fee long parted light agen,
That beft may please this round fair ring
With sparkling Diamonds circled in,
I fhall produce : If all my powers
Can win the grace of two poor hours,
Well apaid I go to reft ;
Ancient ftories have been beft,
Fafhions that are now call'd new
Have been worn by more then you ;
Elder times have us'd the fame,
Though thefe new ones get the name :
So in ftory what now told
That takes not part with days of old ?
Then to approve times mutual glory
Joyn new times love to old times ftory.

Exit.

Shouts within ; Then Enter Vortiger.

Vor. Will that wide throated Beaft, the multitude,
Never leave bellowing ? Courtiers are ill
Advised when they firft make fuch Monfters.
How neer was I to a Scepter and a Crown ?

A 3

Fair

6 *The Mayor of Quinborough.*

Fair Power was even upon me, my desires
Were casting glory, till this forked Rabble
With their infectious Acclamations
Poyson'd my Fortunes for *Constantine's* sons.
Well, though I rise not King, I'll seek the means
To grow as neer to one as policy can,
And choak their expectations. Now, good Lords,
In whose kind loves and wishes I am built
As high as humane dignity can aspire,
Are yet those Truncks that have no other souls
But noise and ignorance, something more quiet?

*Enter De-
von. and
Stafford:*

Devon. Nor are they like to be for ought we gather,
Their wills are up still; nothing can appease them,
Good speeches are but cast away upon them.

Vor. Then, since necessity and fate withstand me,
I'll strive to enter at a straighter passage;
Your sudden aid and counsels, good my Lords.

Staff. They are ours no longer then they do you service.

*Enter Constantius (as a Monck, attended by other Moncks)
Vortiger stays him.*

Vor. Vessels of sanctity, be pleas'd a while
To give attention to the general peace,
Wherein Heaven is serv'd too, though not so purely:
Constantius, eldest son of *Constantine*,
We here seize on thee for the general good,
And in thy right of Birth.

Con. On me! for what Lords?

Vor. The Kingdoms Government.

Con. Oh powers of Blessedness!

Keep me from growing downwards into earth again.
I hope I am further on my way then so; set forwards.

Vor. You must not.

Con. How!

Vor. I know your wisdom
Will light upon a way to pardon us:
When you shall read in every Britains brow

The

The urg'd necessity of the times.

Con. What necessity can there be in the world
But prayer and repentance ? and that business
I am about now.

Vor. Hark as far off still,
We lose and hazard much ; holy *Germanus*,
And Reverend *Lupus*, with all expedition
Set the Crown on him.

Con. No such mark of Fortune
Comes neer my head.

Vor. My Lord, we are forc'd to rule you.

Con. Dare you receive Heavens light in at your Eye-lids
And offer violence to Religion ?

Take heed, the very Beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you ; On these knees,
Hardned with zealous Prayers, I entreat you
Bring not my cares into the world again.
Think with how much unwillingness and anguish
A glorified Soul parted from the Body
Would to that loathsome Gaol again return,
With such great pain a well subdued affection
Re-enters wordly business.

Vor. Good my Lord.

I know you cannot lodge so many Vertues,
But Patience must be one. As low as earth
We beg the freeness of your own consent
Which else must be constrain'd ; and time it were
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak good my Lord,
For you bind up more sins in this delay
Then thousand Prayers can absolve again.

Con. Were't but my death, you should not kneel so long for't.

Vor. 'Twill be the death of Millions if you rise not,
And that betimes too : Lend your help my Lords,
For fear all come too late.

Con. This is a Cruelty
That peaceful man did never suffer yet
To make me dye again, that once was dead,
And begin all that ended long before.

hold

Hold *Lupus* and *Germanus*, you are lights
Of Holiness and Religion, can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? stand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profession?

Ger. Not when a time so violent calls upon you,
Who is born a Prince, is born a general peace,
Not his own only; Heaven will look for him
In others actions, and will require him there.
What is in you religious must be shown
In saving many more Souls than your own.

Con. Did not great *Constantine*, our Noble Father,
Deem me unfit for Government and Rule,
And therefore prais'd me into this profession?
Which I have held strict; and love it above glory.
Nor is there want of me, your selves can witness
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,
And bless'd you with the lives of my two Brothers,
Fix your obedience there, leave me a Servant.

All. Long live *Constantinus*, Son of *Constantine*,
King of Great Britain.

Con. I do feel a want
And extream poverty of Joy within;
The peace I had is parted 'mongst rude men,
To keep them quiet I have lost it all.
What can the Kingdom gain by my undoing?
That riches is not best, though it be mighty,
That's purchas'd by the ruine of another;
Nor can the peace so filch'd ever thrive with them:
And if't be worthily held Sacrilege
To rob a Temple, 'tis no less offence
To ravish meditations from the Soul
(The consecrated Altar in a man:)
And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me,
I know no more the way to temporal Rule
Then he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough desert; well may the weight kill me,
And that's the fairest good I look for from it.

Vor. Not so, great King, here stoops a faithful servant

Would

Would sooner perish under it with cheerfulness
 Then your meek Soul should feel oppression
 Of ruder cares; such common coarse employments
 Cast upon me your servant, upon *Vortiger*;
 I see you are not made for noise and pains,
 Clamours of Suitors, Injuries and Redresses,
 Millions of Actions, rising with the Sun,
 Like Laws still ending and yet never done,
 Of power to turn a great man to the state
 Of his marble Monument: with over-watching,
 To be oppress'd is not requir'd of you, my Lord,
 But only to be King: the broken sleeps
 Let me take from you, Sir; the toyls and troubles,
 All that is burthenous in Authority
 Please you lay it on me, and what is glorious
 Receive it to your own brightness.

Con. Worthy *Vortiger*,

If 'twere not sin to grieve anothers patience
 With what we cannot tolerate our self,
 How happy were I in thee and thy love?
 There's nothing makes man feel his miseries
 But knowledge only; reason, that is plac'd
 For mans director is his chief afflictor;
 For though I cannot bear the weight my self,
 I cannot have that barrenness of remorie
 To see another groan under my burthen.

Vor. I am quite blown up a conscionable way,
 There's even a trick of murdering in some pity;
 The death of all my hopes I see already:
 There was no other likelihood, for Religion
 Was never friend of mine yet.

Con. Holy Partners in strictest abstinence
 Cruel necessity hath forc'd me from you,
 We part, I fear for ever, but in mind
 I will be always here, here let me stay.

Devon. My Lord you know the times.

Con. Farewel blest Souls, I fear I shall offend,
 He that draws tears from you takes your best friend.

Ex. all
but Vor:
Vor.

to *The Mayor of Quinborough.*

Vor. Can the great motion of Ambition stand
Like wheels false wrought by an unskilful hand ?
Then time stand thou too, let no hopes arrive
At their sweet wishfulness, till mine set forwards :
Would I could stay the existence, as I can
Thy glassie counterfeit in hours of sand,
I'd keep thee turn'd down till my wishes rose,
Then wee'd both rise together.
What several Inclinations are in nature ?
How much is he disquieted, and wears Royalty
Disdainfully upon him, like a Curse,
Calls a fair Crown the weight of his afflictions !
When here's a Soul would sink under the burthen.
Yet well recovered, I will use all means
To vex authority from him, and in all
Study what most may discontent his blood,
Making my Masque my Zeal to the publick good.
Not possible a richer policy

Can have conception in the thought of man.

Enter two

1 Gra. An honourable life enclose your Lordship.

Graiers.

Vor. Now, what are you ?

2 Gra. Graiers if't like your Lordship.

Vor. So it should seem by your Enclosures ;

What's your affair with me ?

1 Gra. We are your Petitioners,
My Lord.

Vor. For what ? depart, Petitioners to me !

You have well deserved my grace and favour, have you not a Ruler
After your own Election ? hye you to Court,
Get neer and close, be loud and bold enough,
You cannot chuse but speed.

Exit.

2 Gra. If that will doe't

We have throats wide enough, wee'l put them to't.

Exeunt.

Dumb show. *Fortune discovered, in her hand a round Ball full
of Lots ; then enters Hengist and Horsa, with
others ; they draw Lots, and having opened them,
all depart, save Hengist and Horsa, who kneel
and*

The Mayor of Quinborough.

II

and embrace ; then enter Roxena, seeming to take leave of Hengift in great passion, but more especially and warily of Horius, her Lover ; she departs one way, Hengift and Horius another.

Enter Raynulphe:

Ray. When Germany was over-grown
With Sons of peace too thickly sown,
Several guides were chosen then
By destin'd Lots to lead out men,
And they whom Fortune here withstands
Must prove their Fates in other Lands.
On these two Captains fell the Lot ;
But that which must not be forgot,
Was *Roxena's* cunning grief,
Who from her Father like a thief,
Hid her best and truest tears
Which her lustful Lover wears,
In many a stolen and wary kiss
Unseen of Father : Maids do this
Yet highly scorn to be call'd Strumpets too,
But what they lack of't I'll be judg'd by you.

Exit.

Enter Vortiger, Feltmanger, Button-maker, Grasier, Petitioners.

Vor. This way his Majesty comes.

All. Thank your good Lordship:

Vor. When you hear yon door open.

All. Very good my Lord.

Vor. Be ready with your several suits, put forward.

Gras. That's a thing every man does naturally, Sir,
That is a Suitor, and doth mean to speed.

Vor. 'Tis well you are so deep learn'd, take no denials.

All. No my good Lord:

Vor. Not any, if you love

The prosperity of your Suits ; you marre all utterly
And overthrow your fruitful hopes for ever,

If either fifth or sixth, nay tenth repulse
Fasten upon your bashfulness.

All. Say you so, my Lord?

We can be troublesome if we list.

Vor. I know it,

I felt it but too late in the general summe
Of your rank Brother-hood, which now I thank you for.
While this vexation is in play, I'll study
For a second, then a third to that, one still
To vex another, that he shall be glad
To yield up power, if not, it shall be had.

Exit.

But. Hark, I protest my heart was coming upwards,
I thought the door had opened.

Graf. Marry would it had Sir.

But. I have such a treacherous heart of my own, 'twill throb
At the very fall of a Farthingale.

Graf. Not if it fall on the rushes. presently :)

But. Yes truly if there be no light in the room I shall throb
The first time it took me my wife was in the company,
I remember the room was not half so light as this,
But I'll be sworn I was a whole hour in finding her.

Graf. Berlady y'had a long time of throbbing of it then.

But. Still I felt men, but I cou'd feel no women,
I thought they had been all sunk, I have made a Vow for't,
I'll never have meeting while I live by Candle-light again.

Graf. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.

But. Yes, Sir, in Lanthorns.

But I'll never trust candle naked again.

Graf. Hark, hark, stand close, it opens now indeed.

But. Oh Majesty, what art thou! I'd give any man *Enter*
Constantius and
two Gentle-
men.
Half my Suit to deliver my petition; It is in the behalf
Of Button-makers, and so it seems by my flesh.

Con. Pray do not follow me, unless you do it
To wonder at my garments, there's no cause
I give you why you should, 'tis shame enough
Methinks to look upon my self;
It grieves me that more should, the other weeds
Became me better, but the Lords are pleas'd

To

To force me to wear these, I would not else :

I pray be satisfied, I call'd you nor.

Wonder of madness, can you stand so idle

And know that you must dye !

1 *Gent.* We are all commanded, Sir,

Besides it is our duties to your grace

To give attendance.

Con. What a wild thing is this ?

No marvel though you tremble at deaths name

When you'l not see the cause why you are fools:

For Charities sake desist here I pray you,

Make not my presence guilty of your sloth,

Withdraw, young men, and find you honest business.

2 *Gent.* What hopes have we to rise by following him ?

I'll give him over shortly.

1 *Gent.* He's too nice,

Too holy for young Gentlemen to follow

That have good faces, and sweet running fortunes.

Con. Eight hours a day in serious contemplation

Is but a bare allowance, no higher food

To the Soul then bread and water to the body,

And that's but needful, then more would do better.

But. Let us all kneel together, 'twill move pity,

I have been at the begging of a hundred Suits.

Con. How happy am I in the sight of you ?

Here are religious souls that lose not time,

With what devotion do they point at Heaven,

And seem to check me, that am too remiss !

I bring my zeal among you, holy men,

If I see any kneel, and I sit out,

That hour is not well spent ; methinks, strict souls,

You have been of some Order in your times ?

Graf. Grasers and Braziers some, and this a Felt-maker.

But. Here's his Petition and mine, if it like your Grace.

Graf. Look upon mine, I am the longest Suitor,

I was undone seven years ago.

Con. You have mockt my good hopes, call you these Petitions ?

Why there's no form of Prayer among them all.

But. Yes.

But. Yes in the bottom there's half a line prays for your Majesty.
If you look on mine.

Con. Make your requests to Heaven, not to me.

But. 'Las mine's a supplication for brass buttons, Sir.

Felt. There's a great enormity in wool,

I beseech your Grace consider it.

Gra. Pastures rise 2^d an acre, what will this world come to?

But. I do beseech your Grace.

Gra. Good your Grace.

Con. Oh this is one of my afflictions

That with the Crown enclos'd me, I must bear it.

Gra. Your Graces answer to my supplication.

But. Mine my Lord.

Con. No violent storm lasts ever, that's the comfort of it.

Felt. Your Highness answer.

Gra. We are almost all undone, the Country begger'd.

But. See, see, he points at Heaven, as who should say
There's enough there; but 'tis a great way thither,
There's no good to be done, I see that already,
We may all spend our mouths like a company of Hounds
In chase of a Royal Deer, and then go home
And fall to cold mutton bones, when we have done.

Gra. My wife will hang me, that's my curriish destiny. *Exeunt.*

Con. Thanks Heaven, 'tis over now, we should never know right-ly)
The sweetness of a calm, but for a storm.
Here's a wish'd hour for contemplation now,
All's still and silent, here is a true Kingdom. *Enter Voriger.*

Vor. My Lord.

Con. Again?

Vor. Alas this is but early

And gentle to the troup of businesies
That flock about Authority: You must forthwith
Settle your mind to marry.

Con. How, to marry?

Vor. And suddenly, there's no pause to be given,
The peoples wills are violent, and coverous
Of a succession from your Loyns.

Con. From me there can come none, a profess'd abstinence

Hath

Hath set a Virgin Seal upon my bloud,
And alter'd all the Course ; the heat I have
Is all enclos'd within a zeal to vertue,
And that's not fit for earthly propagation ;
Alas, I shall but forfeit all their hopes,
I'me a man made without desires, tell them.

Vor. I prov'd them with such words, but all were fruitless,
A Virgin of the highest Subjects bloud
They have pickt out for your embrace, and send her
Blest with their general wishes into fruitfulness.
Lo, where she comes, my Lord.

Enter
Castiza.

Con. I never felt
Th' unhappy hand of misery till this touch ;
A patience I could find for all but this.

Cast. My Lord, your vow'd love ventures me but dangerously.

Vor. 'Tis but to strengthen a vexation politique.

Cast. That's an uncharitable practice, trust me Sir:

Vor. No more of that.

Cast. But say he should affect me, Sir,
How should I scape him then ? I have but one faith, my Lord,
And that you have already, our late contract is a divine witness to'r.

Vor. I am not void of shifting rooms and helps
For all projects that I commit with you. *Exit.*

Cast. This is an ungodly way to come to honour,
I do not like it, I love Lord *Vortiger*,
But not these practices, th'are too uncharitable.

Con. Are you a Virgin ?

Cast. Never yet, my Lord,
Known to the will of man.

Con. Oh blessed Creature !
And does too much felicity make you surfeit ?
Are you in soul assur'd there is a state
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midst of Heaven, now in the state you stand in ;
And had you rather, after much known misery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curse,
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there ?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madness ?

Keep

Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
 You chaste lump of eternity, 'tis a treasure
 Too precious for death's moment to partake,
 This twinkling of short life ; disdain as much
 To let mortality know you, as stars to kiss the pavements, y^e have a
 As excellent as theirs, holding your pureness, (substance)
 They look upon corruption, as you do,
 But are stars still, be you a Virgin too.

Cast. I'll never marry, what though my truth be engag'd
 To *Vortiger* ? forsaking all the world
 I save it well, and do my faith no wrong.
 Y^e have mightily prevail'd, great virtuous Sir,
 I am bound eternally to praise your goodness,
 My thoughts henceforth shall be as pure from man
 As ever made a Virgins name immortal.

Con. I will do that for joy I never did
 Nor ever will again.

*As he kisses her,
 Enter Vortiger and
 Gentlemen.*

Gent. My Lord, he's taken.

Vor. I am sorry for't, I like not that so well,
 Th^ere's something too familiar for their time methinks,
 This way of kissing is no way to vex him ;
 Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,
 Could endure more then that, coming from a woman.
 Dispatch, and bring his answer speedily.

Exit.

Gent. My Lord, my gracious Lord.

Con. Beshrew thy heart.

Gent. They all attend your Grace.

Con. I would not have them,
 'Twould please me better if they'd all depart
 And leave me to my self, or put me out
 And take it to themselves.

Gent. The Noon is past,
 Meat's on the table:

Con. Meat ! away, get from me,
 Thy memory is diseas'd, what Saints Eeve's this ?

Gent. Saint *Agatha's* I take it.

Con. Is it so ?

I am not worthy to be serv'd before her,

And

And so return I pray.

Gent. He'll starve the Guard
If this be suffer'd ; If we set Court bellies
By a Monastery Clock, he that breaks a fellows pate now
Will not be able to crack a louse within this twelve months. *Exit.*

Con. 'Tis sure forgetfulness and not mans will
That leads him forth into licentious ways ;
He cannot certainly commit such errors,
And think upon them truly as they are acting.
Why's abstinence ordain'd, but for such seasons ? *Enter Vortiger.*

Vor. My Lord, y'have pleas'd to put us to much pains,
But we confess 'tis portion of our duty :
Will your Grace please to walk ? dinner stays for you.

Con. I have answer'd that already.

Vor. But, my Lord,
We must not so yield to you, pardon me,
'Tis for the general good, you must be rul'd, Sir,
Your health and life is dearer to us now,
Think where you are, at Court, this is no Monastery.

Con. But Sir, my Conscience keeps still where it was,
I may not eat this day.

Vor. We have sworn you shall,
And plentifully too, we must preserve you, Sir,
Though you be wilful ; 'tis no slight condition
To be a King.

Con. Would I were less than man.

Vor. Will you make the people rise, my Lord,
In great despair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that must sustain you.

Con. I never eat on Eeves.

Vor. But now you must,
It concerns others healths that you take food,
I have chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.

Con. This is beyond all cruelty.

Vor. 'Tis our care my Lord.

Exeunt

C

Actus -



ACT. 2. SCENA 1.

Enter Vortiger and Castiza.

Cast. MY Lord, I am resolv'd, tempt me no farther,
'Tis all to fruitless purpose.

Vor. Are you well?

Cast. Never so perfect in the truth of health
As at this instant.

Vor. Then I doubt my own,
Or that I am not waking.

Cast. Would you were then,
You'd praise my resolution.

Vor. This is wondrous,
Are you not mine by contract?

Cast. 'Tis most true, my Lord,
And I am better blest in't than I lookt for,
In that I am confin'd in faith so strictly;
I am bound my Lord, to marry none but you,
You'll grant me that; and you'll never marry.

Vor. It draws me into violence and hazard,
I saw you kiss the King.

Cast. I grant you so Sir,
Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wrong'd not you in that, you will acknowledge
A King is the best part of it.

Vor. Oh my passion!

Cast. I see you something yielding to Infirmity; Sir,
I take my leave.

Vor. Why, 'tis not possible!

Cast. The fault is in your faith, time I were gone
To give it better strengthening:

Vor. Hark you, Lady.

Cast.

Cast. Send your intent to the next Monastery,
There you shall find my answer ever after,
And so with my last duty to your Lordship,
For whose prosperity I will pray as heartily
As for my own.

Exit.

Vor. How am I serv'd in this? I offer a vexation to the King,
He sends it home into my blood with vantage.
I'll put off time no longer, I have brought him
Into most mens neglects, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallowed over, love of ease
More then devotion, or the publick benefit;
Which catcheth many mens beliefs. I am stronger too
In peoples wishes, their affections point at me.
I lose much time and glory, that redeem'd,
She that now flies returns with joy and wonder,
Greatness and womans wish ne're keep asunder.

Exit.

Dumb show. Enter two Villains, to them Vortiger, who seems to
solicite them with gold, then swears them, and *Exit*:
Enter Constantius meditating, they rudely
strike down his Book, draw their Swords, he kneels
and spreads his arms, they kill him, hurry him off.
Enter Vortiger, Devonshire and Stafford in Con-
ference, to them the Villains presenting the head,
he seems sorrowful, and in rage stabs them both.
Then they crown Vortiger, and fetch in Castiza,
who comes unwillingly, he hales her, and they
crown her. Aurelius and Uther Brothers of Con-
stantius, seeing him crowned, draw and fly.

Enter Raynulp.

Ray. When nothing could prevail to tire
The good Kings patience, they did hire
Two wicked Rogues to take his life,
In whom a while there fell a strife
Of pity and fury, but the gold
Made pity faint, and fury bold:

C 2

Then

Then to *Vortiger* they bring
 The head of that religious King,
 Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,
 Makes the slaughterers blood be spilt.
 Then crown they him, and force the Maid,
 That vow'd a Virgin-life, to wed.
 Such a strength great power extends,
 It conquers Fathers, Kindred, Friends.
 And since Fates pleas'd to change her life
 She proves as holy in a Wife.
 More to tell, were to betray
 What deeds in their own tongues must say;
 Onely this, the good King dead
 The Brothers poor in safety fled.

*Exit,**Enter Vortiger (Crowned) a Gentleman meeting him.**Gent.* My Lord.*Vor.* I fear thy News will fetch a Curse,
 It comes with such a violence.*Gent.* The people are up
 In Armes against you.*Vor.* Oh this dream of glory!
 Sweet power, before I can have time to taste thee
 Must I for ever lose thee? what's the Impostume
 That swells them now?*Gent.* The Murther of *Constantinus*.*Vor.* Ulcers of Realms! they hated him alive,
 Grew weary of the minute of his Reign,
 Call'd him an evil of their own electing,
 And is their ignorant zeal so fiery now
 When all their thanks are cold? the mutable hearts
 That move in their false breasts! provide me safety,
 Hark, I hear ruine threaten me with a voice
 That imitates thunder.*Enter a second
 Gentleman.**2^d Gent.* Where's the King?*Vor.* Who takes him?*1st Gent.* Send peace to all your Royal thoughts, my Lord,

A Fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their Service to you.

Vor. Saxons ! my wishes, let them have free entrance,
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us ;
They never could come happier. *Enter Hengist, Horfus,*

Heng. Health, power, and victory to *Vortiger.* *Souldiers.*

Vor. There can be no more pleasure to a King
If all the Languages earth spake were ransackt.
Your names I know not, but so much good fortune
And warrant worth lightens your fair aspects,
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.

Heng. The Mistress of our births hope, fruitful *Germany,*
Calls me *Hengistus,* and this Captain *Horsus,*
A man low built, but yet in deeds of Arms
Flame is not swifter : we are all, my Lord,
The Sons of Fortune, she has sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits :
And since after the rage of many a tempest
Our Fates have cast us upon *Britains* bounds,
We offer you the first fruits of our wounds.

Vor. Which we shall dearly prize, the mean'st blood spent
Shall at wealths fountain make its own content:

Heng. You double vigour in us then, my Lord,
Pay is the soul of such as thrive by th' Sword.

Exeunt:

Enter Vortiger and Gentlemen.

*Alarm and
Skirmishes.*

1 Gent. My Lord, these Saxons bring a Fortune with them
Stay any Roman success.

Vor. On, speak forwards,
I will not take one minute from thy tydings.

1 Gent. The main supporters of this Insurrection
They have taken Prisoners, and the rest so tame
They stoop to the least grace that flows from mercy.

Vor. Never came power guided by better stars
Than these mens fortitudes, yet th' are mis-believers,
Which to my reason is wonderous. *Enter Hengist and Horfus*
Y'have given me such a first taste of your worth *with Prisoners.*
'Twill

'Twill never from my love, when life is gone
 The memory sure will follow, my soul still
 Participating immortality with it.
 But here's the misery of earths limited glory,
 There's not a way reveal'd to any honour
 Above the same which your own merits give you.

Heng. Indeed, my Lord, we hold, when all's summ'd up,
 That can be made for worth to be express'd,
 The fame that a man wins himself is best,
 That he may call his own; honours put to him
 Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
 And are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth
 The heat comes from the body, not the weeds;
 So mans true fame must strike from his own deeds.
 And since by this event which fortune speaks us
 This Land appears the fair predestin'd soil
 Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my Lord,
 A little earth to thrive on, what you please,
 Where wee'l but keep a Nursery of good spirits
 To fight for you and yours.

Vor. Sir, for our Treasure
 'Tis open to your merits, as our love;
 But for y'are strangers in Religion chiefly,
 (Which is the greatest Alienation can be
 And breeds most factions in the blouds of men)
 I must not yield to that.

*Enter Symon
 with a Hide.*

Heng. S'precious, my Lord,
 I see a pattern, be it but so little
 As yon poor Hide will compass.

Vor. How, the Hide!

Heng. Rather then nothing, Sir.

Vor. Since y'are so reasonable,
 Take so much in the best part of our Kingdom.

Heng. We thank your Grace. Rivers from bubbling springs
 Have rise at first, and great from abject things.
 Stay yonder fellow, he came luckily,
 And he shall fare well for't, what e're he be,
 Wee'l thank our fortune in rewarding him.

Horsus.

Horsm. Stay, fellow.

Sym. How, fellow ! 'tis more then you know
Whether I be your fellow or no, I am sure you see me not.

Heng. Come, what's the price of your Hide ?

Sym. Oh unreasonable Villain !

He would buy the house over a mans head ; I'le be sure now
To make my bargain wisely, they may buy me out of my skin else ;
Whose Hide would you buy, mine or the Beasts ?

There is little difference in their complexions, I think mine
Is the blacker of the two ; you shall see for your love, and buy for
A pestilence on you all, how have you deceiv'd me ? (your money.
You buy an Oxe hide ? you buy a Calves Gather : they are all
Hungry Souldiers, and I took them for honest Shoemakers.

Heng. Hold fellow, prithee hold ; right a fool wordling
That kicks at all good fortune. Whose man art thou ?

Sym. I am a Servant, yet a masterless man, Sir.

Heng. Prithee how can that be ?

Sym. Very nimbly, Sir,

My Master is dead, and now I serve my Mistress,
Ergo, I am a masterless man, she is now a widow,
And I am the Foreman of her Tan-pit.

Heng. Hold you, and thank your Fortune, not your wit.

Sym. Faith, and I thank your bounty and not your wisdom,
You are not troubled with wit neither greatly, it seems :
Now by this light a nest of Yellow Hammers !
What will become of me ? If I can keep all these without hanging
My self, I am happier then a hundred of my Neighbours.
You shall have my skin into the bargain,
Then if I chance to dye like a Dog

The labour will be sav'd of fleeing me ;
He undertake, Sir, you shall have
All the skins in our Parish at this price, mens and womens.

Heng. Sirrah, give good ear to me ; now take the Hide
And cut it all into the slenderest thongs
That can bear strength to hold.

Sym. That were a jest y'faith,
Spoil all the Leather ? sin and pity,
Why 'twould shooc half your Army.

Heng.

Heng. Do it I bid you.

Sym. What, cut it all in thongs ? hum,
This is like the vanity of your Roman Gallants, that cannot wear
Good Suits but they must have them cut and flast in giggers,
That the very crimson Taffaties sit blushing at their follies ;
I would I might perswade you from this humour of cutting,
'Tis but a swaggering condition and nothing profitable : what if it
Were but well pinckt ? 'twould last longer for a summer suit.

Heng. What a cross lump of ignorance have I lighted on ?
I must be forc'd to beat my drift into him ;
Look you, to make you wiser then your Parents,
I have so much ground given me as this Hide will compass,
Which, as it is, is nothing:

Sym. Nothing quoth a,
Why 'twill not keep a Hog.

Heng. Now with the vantage
Cut into several pieces 'twill stretch far
And make a liberal Circuit.

Sym. A shame on your crafty Hide
Is this your cunning ? I have learnt more knavery now
Then ever I shall claw off while I live.
I'll go purchase land by Cow-tails and undo the Parish,
Three good Bulls pizzels would set up a man for ever,
This is like a pin a day to set up a Haberdasher of small wares.

Heng. Thus men that mean to thrive, as we must learn,
Set in a foot at first.

Sym. A foot do you call it ?
The Devil is in that foot that takes up all this Leather.

Heng. Dispatch, and cut it carefully with all the advantage, Sirra.

Sym. You could never have lighted upon such a fellow
To serve your turn, Captain ; I have such a trick of stretching too,
I learn'd it of a Tanners man that was hang'd
Last Sessions at *Maidstone*,
I'll warrant you I'll get you a mile and a half
More then y^e are aware of.

Heng. Pray serve me so as oft as you will, Sir.

Sym. I am casting about for 9 acres to make a garden plot,
Out of one of the Burtocks.

Heng.

Heng. 'Twill be a good soil for Nose-gayes.

Sym. 'Twill be a good soil for Cabbages to stuff out the guts
Of your Followers there:

Heng. Go see it carefully perform'd,
It is the first foundation of our fortunes
On *Britains* earth, and ought to be embrac'd
With a respect neer link'd to adoration.
Methinks it sounds to me a fair assurance
Of large honours and hopes, does it not, Captain?

Horf. How many have begun with less at first
That have had Emperours from their bodies sprung,
And left their Carcasses as much in monument
As would erect a Colledge?

Heng. There's the fruits
Of their religious shew too, to lye rotting
Under a million spent in gold and marble.

Horf. But where shall we make choice of our ground, Captain?

Heng. About the fruitful flanks of uberous *Kent*,
A fat and olive soil, there we came in;
Oh Captain, he has given he knows not what.

Horf. Long may he give so.

Heng. I tell thee, *Sisrah*, he that begg'd a field
Of fourscore Acres for a Garden-plot,
'Twas pretty well, but he came short of this.

Horf. Send over for more Saxons.

Heng. With all speed, Captain.

Horf. Especially for *Roxena*.

Heng. Who, my Daughter?

Hor. That Star of *Germany*, forget not her, Sir,
She is a fair fortunate Maid,
Fair she is, and fortunate may she be,
But in Maid lost for ever, my desire
Has been the close confusion of that name.
A treasure 'tis, able to make more Thieves
Than Cabinets set open to entice,
Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.

Heng. Come, I'll dispatch with speed.

Horf. Do, forget none.

D

Heng.

Heng. Marry pray help my memory.

Horf. *Roxena* you remember?

Heng. What more dear Sir?

Horf. I see your memory's clear, Sir.

Heng. Those shouts leap'd from our Army.

Horf. They were too cheerful

To voice a bad event.

Heng. Now, Sir, your News?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. *Roxena* the fair.

Heng. True, she shall be sent for.

Gen. She's here, Sir.

Heng. What say'st?

Gen. She's come, Sir.

Horf. A new youth begins me o're agen.

Gen. Followed you close, Sir,

With such a zeal as daughter never equal'd,
Expos'd her self to all the merciless dangers
Set in mankind or fortune, not regarding
Ought but your fight.

Heng. Her love is infinite to me.

Horf. Most charitably censur'd, 'tis her cunning;
The love of her own lust, which makes a woman
Gallop down hill as fearless as a Drunkard,
There's no true Loadstone in the world but that,
It draws them through all storms by Sea or shame,
Life's loss is thought too small to pay that game:

Gen. What follows more of her will you take strongly.

Heng. How!

Gen. Nay 'tis worth your wonder.

Her heart joy ravish'd with your late success
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So prosperously new opening at her coming,
She takes a Cup of Gold, and midst the Army,
Teaching her knee a reverend cheerfulness,
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
To the Kings joys and yours, the King in presence,
Who with her fight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief but one or both, I know not which,

But

But he's so far 'bove my expression caught,
'Twere art enough for one mans time and portion
To speak him and miss nothing.

Heng. This is astonishing !

Horsf. Oh this ends bitter now, our close hid flame
Will break out of my heart, I cannot keep it.

Heng. Gave you attention, Captain ? how now man ?

Horsf. A kind of grief about these times of the Moon still,
I feel a pain like a Convulsion,
A Cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it.

Florish.

Heng. Nor never seek one for it, let it go
Without a name, would all griefs were serv'd so. *Enter Vortiger, Roxena, &c.*

Horsf. A Love knot already, arm in arm !

Vor. What's he lays claim to her ?

Heng. In right of Father-hood
I challenge an obedient part.

Vor. Take it, and send back the rest.

Heng. What means your Grace ?

Vor. You'll keep no more then what
Belongs to you ?

Heng. That's all, my Lord, it all belongs to me,
I keep the husbands Interest til he come,
Yet out of duty and respect to Majesty
I send her back your Servant.

Vor. My Mistress, Sir, or nothing.

Heng. Come again, I never thought to hear so ill of thee.

Vor. How, Sir, so ill ?

Heng. So beyond detestable,
To be an honest Vassal is some Calling,
Poor is the worst of that, shame comes not to't ;
But Mistress that the only common bait
Fortune sets at all hours, catching Whore with it,
And plucks them up by Clusters. There's my sword, my Lord,
And if your strong desires aim at my blood
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way
Quench it in mine.

Vor. I ne're took sword in vain,

Hengist, we here create thee Earl of Kent.

Horf. Oh that will doe't.

Ver. What ails our friend ? look to him.

Rox. Oh 'tis his Epilepsy, I know it well,
I helpt him once in *Germany*, comes it again ?
A Virgins right hand stroak'd upon his heart
Gives him ease straight, but it must be a pure Virgin,
Or else it brings no comfort.

Ver. What a task

She puts upon her self, unurg'd purity !

The truth of this will bring loves rage into me.

Rox. Oh this would mad a woman, there's no proof
In love to indiscretion.

Horf. Pish, this cures not.

Rox. Dost think I'll ever wrong thee ?

Horf. Oh most feelingly,

But I'll prevent it now and break thy neck
With thy own cunning ; thou hast undertaken
To give me help, to bring in Royal credit
Thy crackt Virginity, but I'll spoil all,
I will not stand on purpose, though I could,
But fall still, to disgrace thee.

Rox. What, you will not ?

Horf. I have no other way to help my self,
For when th'art known to be a whore imposterous
I shall be sure to keep thee.

Rox. Oh, Sir, shame me not,

Y'have had what is most precious, try my faith,
Undo me not at first in chaste opinion.

Horf. All this art shall not make me feel my Legs.

Rox. I prithee do not wilfully confound me ?

Horf. Well I am content for this time to recover
To save thy credit, and bite in my pain ;
But if thou ever fail'st me, I will fall,
And thou shalt never get me up again.

Rox. Agreed 'twixt you and I, Sir, see, my Lord,
A poor maids work, the man may pass for health now,
Among the clearest blouds, and those are nicest:

Ver. I have heard of women brought men on their knees,

But

But few that e're restor'd them, how now Captain ?

Horf. My Lord, methinks I could do things past man

I'me so renew'd in vigour, I long most

For violent exercise to take me down,

My joy's so high in bloud I'me above frailty.

Vor. My Lord of Kent ?

Heng. Your loves unworthy Creature.

Vor. Seest thou this fair Chain ? think upon the means

To keep it link'd for ever.

Heng. Oh my Lord,

'Tis many degrees sundred from my hope,

Besides Your Grace has a young vertuous Queen.

Vor. I say think on it.

Horf. If this wind hold I fall to my old disease:

Vor. There's no fault in thee but to come so late,

All else is excellent, I chide none but fate.

Exeunt.



ACT. 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Horsus and Roxena.

Rox. I Have no conceit now that you ever lov'd me,
But as lust led you for the time.

Horf. See, see.

Rox. Do you pine at my advancement, Sir ?

Horf. Oh barrenness

Of understanding ! what a right love is this ?

'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended ;

What height of honours, eminence of fortune

Should ravish me from you ?

Rox. Who can tell that, Sir ?

What's he can judge of a mans apperite

Before he sees him eat ? who knows the strength of any's constancy

That

That never yet was tempt'd ? we can call
 Nothing our own, if they be deeds to come,
 Th'are only ours, when they are pass'd and done.
 How blest are you above your apprehension,
 If your desire would lend you so much patience
 To examine the adventurous condition
 Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
 And draw in the times goodness to defend us !
 First, this bold course of ours cannot last long,
 Nor ever does in any without shame,
 And that, you know, brings danger ; and the greater
 My Father is in bloud, as he is well risen,
 The greater will the storm of his rage be
 Against his blouds wronging : I have cast for this,
 'Tis not advancement that I love alone,
 'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.

Hor. Oh were I sure of thee, as 'tis impossible
 There to be ever sure where there's no hold,
 Your pregnant hopes should not be long in rising.

Rox. By what assistance have you held me thus far
 Which you found firm, despair you not in that.

Hor. True, that was good security for the time,
 But in a change of state, when y'are advanc'd
 You women have a French toy in your pride,
 You make your friend come crouching ; or perhaps,
 To bow in th'hams the better, he is put
 To complement three hours with your chief woman,
 Then perhaps not admitted, no nor ever,
 That's the more noble fashion : forgetfulness
 Is the most pleasing vertue they can have
 That do spring up from nothing, for by the same
 Forgetting all they forget whence they came ;
 An excellent property of oblivion.

Rox. I pity all the fortunes of poor women
 In my own unhappiness, when we have given
 All that we have to men, what's our requital ?
 An ill-fac'd jealousy, that resembles much
 The mistrustfulness of an insatiate thief

That

That scarce believes he has all, though he has stripp'd
The true man naked, and left nothing on him
But the hard cord that binds him : so are we
First robb'd, and then left bound by jealousie.
Take reasons advice, and you'll find it impossible
For you to lose me in this Kings advancement
Who's an Usurper here, and as the Kingdom
So shall he have my love by usurpation,
The right shall be in thee still ; my ascension
To dignity is but to waite thee higher,
And all Usurpers have the falling-sickness,
They cannot keep up long.

Hor. May credulous man

Put all his confidence in so weak a Bottom
And make a saving Voyage ?

Rox. Nay as gainful

As ever man yet made.

Hor. Go, take thy fortunes,

Aspire with my consent, so thy ambition will be sure to prosper.
Speak the fair certainties of *Britains* Queen
Home to thy wishes.

Rox. Speak in hope I may

But not in certainty.

Hor. I say in both,

Hope and be sure I'll soon remove the Lett that stands
Between thee and thy Glory.

Rox. Life of Love !

If lost Virginitie can win such a day
I'll have no daughter but shall learn my way.

Exit.

Hor. 'Twill be good work for him that first instructs them,
May be some Son of mine, got by this woman too,
May match with their own Sisters. Peace, 'tis he,
Invention fail me not, 'tis a gallant credit
To marry ones Whore bravely.

Enter
Vortiger.

Vor. Have I power

Of life and death, and cannot command ease
In my own blood ? After I was a King
I thought I never should have felt pain more;

That

That there had been a ceasing of all passions
 And common stings, which Subjects use to feel,
 That were created with a patience fit
 For all extremities : But such as we
 Know not the way to suffer, then to do it
 How most prepos't'rous 'tis ? tush, riddles, riddles.
 I'll break through custom, why should not the mind,
 The nobler part that's of us, be allow'd
 Change of affections, as our Bodies are
 Change of food and rayment ? I'll have it so.
 All fashions appear strange at first production,
 But this would be well followed : Oh Captain !

Hor. My Lord I grieve for you, I scarce fetch breath
 But a sigh hangs at the end of it, but this
 Is not the way, if you'd give way to counsel.

Vor. Set me right then, or I shall heavily curse thee
 For lifting up my understanding to me
 To shew that I was wrong ; Ignorance is safe,
 I then slept happily ; If knowledge mend me not
 Thou hast committed a most cruel sin,
 To wake me into judgement and then leave me.

Hor. I will not leave you, Sir, that were rudely done ;
 First y have a flame too open and too violent,
 Which like bloud-guiltiness in an Offender
 Betrays him, when nought else can : out with it, Sir,
 Or let some cunning coverture be made
 Before your practice enters, 'twill spoil all else.

Vor. Why, look you, Sir, I can be as calm as silence
 All the while musick plays, strike on, sweet friend,
 As mild and merry as the heart of Innocence ;
 I prithee take my temper ; has a Virgin
 A heat more modest ?

Hor. He does well to ask me,
 I could have told him once ; why here's a government,
 There's not a sweeter amity in friendship
 Than in this League 'twixt you and health.

Vor. Then since
 Thou find'st me capable of happiness

Instruct me with the practice.

Hor. What will you say, my Lord,
If I ensnare her in an action of lust?
Oh there were art to the life, but 'tis impossible,
I prithee flatter me no farther with it;
Fye, so much sin as goes to make up that
Will never prevail with her: why I'll tell you, Sir,
She's so sin-killing modest, that if only
To move the question were enough Adultery
To cause a separation, there's no Gallant
So braffie impudent durst undertake
The words that shall belong to't.

Hor. Say you so, Sir?

There's nothing made in the world, but has a way to't,
Though some be harder then the rest to find,
Yet one there is, that's certain; and I think
I have took the course to light on it.

Vor. Oh I pray for't.

Hor. I heard you lately say (from whence, my Lord,
My practice receiv'd life first) that your Queen
Still consecrates her time to Contemplation,
Takes solitary walks.

Vor. Nay late and early
Commands her weak Guard from her, which are but
Women at strongest.

Hor. I like all this, my Lord,
And now, Sir, you shall know what net is us'd
In many places to catch modest women,
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts:
Now there be some will catch up men as fast,
But those She-Fowlers nothing concern us,
Their Birding is at Windows, ours abroad,
Where Ring-doves should be caught, that's married wives,
Or chaste Maids, what the appetite has a mind to.

Vor. Make no pause then.

Hor. The honest Gentlewoman,
When nothing will prevail (I pity her now)
Poor Soul, she's entic'd forth by her own Sex

To be betray'd to man, who in some Garden-house
 Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,
 Binds darkness on her eye-lids, surprizes her,
 And having a Coach ready, turns her in,
 Hurrying her where he list for the sins safety,
 Making a rape of honour without words,
 And at the low ebb of his lust, perhaps
 Some three days after, sends her coach'd again
 To the same place, and, which would make most mad,
 She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where she's robb'd,
 There's the dear precious mischief.

Vor. Is this practis'd?

Hor. Too much, my Lord, to be so little known,
 A Spridge to catch a Maiden-head after Sun-set,
 Clip it, and send it home again to the City,
 There 'will ne're be perceiv'd.

Vor. My raptures want expression,
 I conceit enough to make me fortunate, and thee great.

Exit.

Hor. I praise it then, my Lord, I knew 'twould take.

Exit.



ACT. 3. SCENA 2.

Enter Castiza (with a Book) and two Ladies.

Cast. **M**Ethinks you live strange lives! When I see it not
 It grieves me less, you know how to ease me then;
 If you but knew how well I lov'd your absence
 You would bestow it upon me without asking.

1 La. Faith, for my part, were it no more for
 Ceremony then for Love,
 You should walk long enough without my attendance,
 And so think all my Fellows, though they say nothing;
 Books in womens hands are as much against the hair, methinks,

As

As to see men wear stomachers, or night rayles ;
 She that has the Green-sickness and should follow her counsel,
 Would dye like an As, and go to the worms like a sallad ;
 Not I, so long as such a Creature as man is made,
 She is a fool that knows not what he is good for. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Cast. Though among lives elections, that of Virgin
 I did speak noblest of ; yet it has pleas'd the King
 To send me a contented blessedness

In that of marriage, which I ever doubted;

Enter Vortiger

I see the Kings affection was a true one,

and Horsus

It lasts and holds out long, that's no mean vertue

disguised.

In a commanding man, though in great fear

At first I was enforc'd to venture on it.

Vor. All's happy, clear and safe.

Hor. The rest comes gently on.

Vor. Be sure you seize on her full sight at first,
 For fear of my discovery.

Hor. Now fortune, and I am sped.

Cast. Treason, treason !

Hor. Sirrah, how stand you ? prevent noise and clamour,
 Or death shall end thy Service.

Vor. A sure Cunning.

Cast. Oh rescue, rescue.

Hor. Dead her voice, away, make speed.

Cast. No help, no succour ?

Hor. Louder yet, extend

Your voice to the last rack, you shall have leave now,
 Y're far from any pity.

Cast. What's my sin ?

Hor. Contempt of man, and he's a noble Creature,
 And takes it in ill part to be despis'd.

Cast. I never despis'd any.

Hor. No ? you hold us

Unworthy to be lov'd, what call you that ?

Cast. I have a Lord disproves you.

Hor. Pish, your Lord ?

Y're bound to love your Lord, that is no thanks to you ;
 You should love those you are not ryed to love,

That's the right tryal of a womans Charity:

Cast. I know not what you are, nor what my fault is,
If it be life you seek, what ere you be,
Use no immodest words, and take it from me,
You kill me more in talking sinfully
Then acting Cruelty ; be so far pitifull
To end me without words.

Hor. Long may you live,
'Tis the wish of a good Subject, 'tis not life
That I thirst after, Loyalty forbid
I should commit such Treason; you mistake me,
I have no such bloody thought, only your love
Shall content me.

Cast. What said you, Sir ?

Hor. Thus plainly,
To strip my words as naked as my purpose,
I must and will enjoy thee : gone already ?
Look to her, bear her up, she goes apace,
I fear'd this still, and therefore came provided,
There's that will fetch life from a dying spark
And make it spread a Furnace, she's well straight,
Pish, let her go, she stands upon my knowledge,
Or else she counterfeits, I know the vertue.

Cast. Never did sorrows in afflicted woman
Meet with such cruelties, such hard hearted ways
Humane invention never found before.
To call back life to live is but ill taken
By some departing Soul ; then to force mine back
To an eternal act of death in lust,
What is it, but most execrable ?

Hor. So, so ;
But this is from my business, list to me,
Here you are now far from all hope of friendship,
Save what you make in me, scape me you cannot,
Send your Soul that assurance ; that resolv'd on,
You know not who I am, nor ever shall,
I need not fear you then ; but give consent,
Then with the faithfulness of a true friend

I'll open my self to you, fall your servant,
As I do now in hope, proud of submission;
And seal the deed up with eternal secrecie,
Nor death shall pluck it from me, much less the Kings
Authority or torture.

Vor. I admire him.

Cast. Oh, Sir, what e're you are, I teach my knee
Thus to requite you, be content to take
Only my sight, as ransom for my honour,
And where you have but mock'd my eyes with darknes
Pluck them quite out; all outward lights of body
I'll spare most willingly, but take not from me
That which must guide me to another world,
And leave me dark for ever, fast without
That cursed pleasure which will make two souls
Endure a famine everlastingly.

Hor. This almost moves.

Vor. By this light he'll be taken.

Hor. I'll wrestle down all pity, what, will you consent?

Cast. I'll never be so guilty.

Hor. Farewell words then,
You hear no more of me, but thus I seize you.

Cast. Oh if a power above be reverenc'd by thee,
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleness, *Vort. snatches*
And all the charms of honour. *her away.*

Hor. Ah ha, here's one caught
For an example, never was poor Lady
So mock'd into false terrour, with what anguish
She lyes with her own Lord? now she could curse
All into barrenness, and beguil her self by it:
Conceit's a powerful thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palate to taste grief, or love,
And as that relishes so we approve:
Hence comes it that our taste is so beguil'd,
Changing pure bloud for some that's mix'd and soil'd.

Exeunt.

Actus

*****:*****

ACT. 3. SCENA 3.

Enter Hengist.

Heng. **A** Fair and fortunate Constellation reign'd
When we set foot here, for from his first gift
(Which to a Kings unbounded eyes seem'd nothing)
The Compass of a Hide, I have erected
A strong and spacious Castle, yet contain'd my self
Within my limits, without check or censure.
Thither, with all th'observance of a Subject,
The liveliest witness of a grateful mind,
I purpose to invite him and his Queen
And feast them nobly.

Bar. We will enter, Sir,
'Tis a state business, of a twelve moneth long,
The chusing of a Mayor.

Heng. What noise is that?

Tay. Sir, we must speak with the good Earl of Kent,
Though we were never brought up to keep a door,
We are as honest, Sir, as some that do. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Heng. Now, Sir, what's the occasion of their clamours?

Gen. Please you, my Lord, a company of Townes-men
Are bent against all denials and resistance
To have speech with your Lordship, and that you
Must end a difference, which none else can do.

Heng. Why then there's reason in their violence,
Which I ne're look'd for; first let in but one, *Exit Gentleman.*
And as we relish him the rest come on.

'Tis no safe wisdom in a rising man
To slight off such as these, nay rather these
Are the foundations of a lofty work,

We

We cannot build without them, and stand sure.

He that first ascends to a Mountains top
Must begin at the foot. Now, Sir, who comes ?

Enter Gent.

Gent. They cannot yet agree, my Lord, of that ;
They say 'tis worse now than it was before,
For where the difference was but between two,
Upon this coming first th'are all at odds ;
One says he shall lose his place in the Church by't,
Another will not do his wife that wrong,
And by their good wills they would all come first.
The strife continues in most hear, my Lord,
Between a Country Barber and a Taylour
Of the same Town, and which your Lordship names
'Tis yielded by consent that he shall enter.

Heng. Here's no sweet quoyl, I am glad they are so reasonable,
Call in the Barber, if the Tale be long
He'll cut it short I trust, that's all the hope ;
Now, Sir, are you the Barber ?

Enter Barber.

Bar. Oh most barbarous !
A Corrector of enormities in hair, my Lord,
A promoter of upper lips, or what your Lordship,
In the neatness of your discretion, shall think fit to call me.

Heng. Very good, I see you have this without book,
But what's your business ?

Bar. Your Lordship comes to a very high point indeed,
The business, Sir, lyes about the head.

Heng. That's work for you.

Bar. No, my good Lord, there is a Corporation,
A Body, a kind of Body.

Heng. The Barber is out at the Body, let in the Taylour ;
This 'tis to reach beyond your own profession,
When you let go your head, you lose your memory :
You have no business with the Body.

Bar. Yes, Sir,
I am a Barber-Chirurgion, I have had something to do with it
In my time, my Lord, and I was never so out of the body
As I have been of late, send me good luck, I'll marry some whore
But I'll get in again.

Heng.

Heng. Now, Sir, a good discovery come from you.

Tay. I will rip up the Linings to your Lordship,
And shew what stuff 'tis made of; for the Body
Or Corporation—

Heng. There the Barber left indeed.

Tay. 'Tis piec'd up of two fashions.

Heng. A patch Town the whilest.

Tay. Nor can we go through stitch, my noble Lord,
The choler is so great in the one party.

And as in linsley-woolsey wove together,
One piece makes several suits, so, upright Earl,
Our linsley-woolsey hearts make all this coyl.

Heng. What's all this now? I am ne're the wiser yet, call in the
Now, Sirs, what are you? (reist:

Glo. Sir, reverence on your Lordship,
I am a Glover.

Heng. What needs that then?

Glo. Sometimes I deal in dogs leather, Sir, reverence the while.

Heng. Well, to the purpose, if there be any towards.

Glo. I were an Ass else, saving your Lordships preface;
We have a Body, but our Town wants a hand,
A hand of Justice, a worshipful Master Mayor:

Heng. This is well handled yet, a man may take some hold
On it. You want a Mayor?

Glo. Right, but there's two at fifty cuffs about it, Sir, as I may say
At daggers drawing, but that I cannot say, because they have none;
And you being Earl of Kent, our Town does say
Your Lordships voice shall part and end the fray:

Heng. This is strange work for me, well Sir, what be they?

Glo. The one is a Tanner.

Heng. Fye, I shall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that Trade and trade of my own
To put it to my voice; what is his name?

Glo. Symon.

Heng. How Symon too?

Glo. Nay 'tis but Symon one, Sir,
The very same Symon that sold your Lordship a Hide.

Heng. What sayest thou?

Glo.

Glo. That's all his glory, Sir, he got his Masters Widow by it presently, a rich Tanners wife, she has set him up, He was her Fore-man a long time in her other husbands days.

Heng. Now let me perish in my first aspiring
If the pretty simplicity of his fortune
Do not most highly take me, 'tis a presage, methinks,
Of bright succeeding happiness to mine
When my Fates Glowworm casts forth such a shine.
And what are those that do contend with him?

Tay. Marty, my noble Lord, a Fustian Weaver.

Heng. How, he offer
To compare with *Symon*! he a fit match for him!

Bar. Hark, hark, my Lord, here they come both in a pelting chase
From the Town-house.

Sym. How, before me? I scorn thee,
Thou wattle-fac'd sing'd Pig.

Oliver. Pig? I defy thee,
My Uncle was a Jew, and scorn'd the motion.

Sym. I list not brook thy vaunts, compare with me?
Thou Spindle of Concupiscence, 'tis well known
Thy first wife was a Flax-wench.

Ol. But such a Flax-wench
Would I might never want at my need, nor any friend of mine,
My Neighbours knew her, thy wife was but a hempen halter to her.

Sym. Use better words, I'll hang thee in my year else,
Let who will chuse thee afterwards.

Glo. Peace for shame,
Quench your great spirit, do not you see his Lordship?

Heng. What, Master *Symonides*?

Sym. *Symonides*?
What a fair name hath he made of *Symon*!
Then he's an Ass that calls me *Symon* again,
I am quite out of love with it.

Heng. Give me thy hand,
I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.

Sym. I took a widow, my Lord,
To be the best piece of ground to thrive on,
And by my faith, my Lord, there's a young *Symonides*,

Like a green Onyon, peeping up already.

Heng. Th'halt a good lucky hand.

Sym. I have somewhat, Sir.

Heng. But why to me is this election offer'd ?

The chuting of a Mayor goes by moit voices.

Sym. True, Sir, but most of our Towns-men are so hoarse
With drinking, there's not a good voice among them a'l.

Heng. Are you content to put it to all these then ?

To whom I liberally resign my Interest

To prevent censures.

Sym. I speak first, my Lord.

Ol. Though I speak last, my Lord, I am not least,
If they will cast away a Town-born Child, they may,
It is but dying some forty years before my time.

Heng. I leave you to your choice awhile.

Exit.

All. Your good Lordship.

Sym. Look you Neighbours, before you be too hasty, let *Oliver*
The Fustian-Weaver, stand as fair as I do, and the Devil
Do him good on't.

Ol. I do, thou upstart Callymoocher, I do,
'Tis well known to the Parish I have been twice Ale-Cunner,
Thou mushrom, that shot't up in a night,
By lying with thy Mistress.

Sym. Faith thou art such a spiny Baldrib,
All the Mistresses in the Town will never get thee up.

Ol. I scorn to rise by a woman, as thou didst,
My Wife shall rise by me.

Glo. I pray leave your Communication,
We can do nothing else.

Ol. I gave that Barber a Fustian-Suit,
And twice redeem'd his Cittern, he may remember me.

Sym. I fear no false measure but in that Taylor,
The Glover and the Button-maker are both cock-sure ;
That Colliers eye I like not :

Now they consult, the matter is in brewing,
Poor *Gill* wy wife lyes longing for the news,
'Twill make her a glad Mother.

All. A *Symon*, a *Symon*.

Symon.

Sym. Good people I thank you all.

Ol. Wretch that I am,

Tanner, thou hast curried favour.

Sym. I curry, I defie thy Fustian fume.

Ol. But I will prove a Rebel all thy year

And raise up the seven deadly sins against thee.

Exit.

Sym. The deadly sins will scorn to rise by thee,

If they have any breeding,

As commonly they are well brought up, 'tis not for every scab
To be acquainted with them ; but leaving the scab, to you good
Neighbours now I bend my speech. First, to say more then a man
Can say, I hold it not fit to be spoken ; but to say what a man
Ought to say, there I leave you also. I must confess your loves
Have chosen a weak and unlearned man ; that I can neither write
Nor read you all can witness ; yet not altogether so unlearned, but I
Can set my mark to a Bond, if I would be so simple ; an excellent
Token of Government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done
You know not what, there's a full point. There you must all
Cough and hem.

Here they all cough and hem.

Now touching our common adversary the Fustian-Weaver,
Who threatens he will raise the deadly sins among us,
Let them come, our Town is big enough to hold them,
We will not so much disgrace it ; besides you know
A deadly sin will lye in a narrow hole ; but when they think
Themselves safest, and the web of their iniquity best woven,
With the horse-strength of my Justice I will break through the
Loom of their concupiscence, and make the Weaver go seek his
Shuttle. Here you may cough and hem again, if you'll do me the
Favour.

They cough and hem again.

Why I thank you all, and it shall not go unrewarded.

Now for the deadly sins, Pride, Sloth, Envy, Wrath ; as for
Coverousness and Gluttony, I'll tell you more when I come
Out of my Office ; I shall have time to try what they are,
I will prove them soundly, and if I find Gluttony and Coverousness
To be directly sins, I'll bury the one in the bottom of a Chest,
And the other in the end of my Garden. But Sirs, for Leachery,
I'll tickle that home my self, I'll not leave a Whore in the Town.

Ba. Some of your Neighbours must seek their

Wives in the Country then.

Sym. Barber, be silent, I will
Cut thy Comb else. To conclude, I will learn the villany of
All Trades, my own I know already ; if there be any knavery
In the Baker, I will boul't it out ; if in the Brewer, I will taste him
Thoroughly, and piss out his iniquity at his own suck-hose :
In a word, I will knock down all enormities like a Butcher,
And send the Hide to my fellow Tanners.

All. A *Symonides*, a true *Symonides* indeed.

*Enter Hengist
and Roxena.*

Heng. How now, how goes your choice ?

Tay. This is he, my Lord.

Sym. To prove I am the man, I am bold to take
The upper hand of your Lordship :
I'll not lose an inch of my honour.

Heng. Hold Sirs, there's some few Crowns to mend your feast,
Because I like your choice.

Bar. Joy bless you, Sir,
We'll drink your health with Trumpets.

Sym. I with Sack-butts,
That's the more solemn drinking for my state,
No malt this year shall flame into my pate.

Exit cum suis.

Heng. Continue still that favour in his love.

Rox. Nay with encrease, my Lord, the flame grows greater,
Though he has learn'd a better art of late
To set a skreen before it.

*Enter Vortiger
and Horius.*

Heng. Speak lower.

Hor. Heard every word, my Lord.

Vor. Plainly ?

Hor. Distinctly ;

The course I took was dangerous, but not failing,
For I convey'd my self behind the Hangings
Even just before his entrance.

Vor. 'Twas well ventur'd.

Hor. I had such a woman's first and second longing in me
To hear her how she would bear her mock'd abuse
After she was return'd to privacy,
I could have fasted out an Ember-week,
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her ;

Then

Then came your holy *Lupus* and *Germanus*.

Vor. Two holy Confessors.

Hor. At whose first sight
I could perceive her fall upon her breast
And cruelly afflict her self with sorrow;
I never heard a sigh till I heard hers,
Who after her Confession pitying her,
Put her into a way of patience,
Which now she holds, to keep it hid from you,
There's all the pleasure that I took in't now,
When I heard that my pains was well remembered.
So with applying comforts and relief,
They have brought it lower, to an easie grief.
But yet the taste is not quite gone.

Vor. Still fortune

Sits bettering our Inventions.

Enter Castiza.

Hor. Here she comes.

Cast. Yonder's my Lord, oh I'll return again,
Methinks I should not dare to look on him.

Hor. She's gone again.

Vor. It works the kindlier, Sir.

Go now and call her back, she winds her self
Into the snare so prettily, 'tis a pleasure
To set toils for her.

Cast. He may read my shame
Now in my blush.

Vor. Come y'are so link'd to holiness,
So ta'en with contemplative desires,
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not;
You have been weeping too.

Cast. Not I, my Lord.

Vor. Trust me I fear you have, y'are much to blame
To yield so much to passion without cause.
Is not some time enough for meditation?
Must it lay title to your health and beauty,
And draw them into times consumption too?
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.
My Lord of *Kent*? I prithee wake him, Captain,

He

He reads himself asleep sure.

Hor. My Lord?

Vor. Nay,

I'll take away your Book and bestow't here.

Heng. Your pardon, Sir.

Vor. Lady, you that delight in Virgins stories,
And all chaste works, here's excellent reading for you;
Make of that Book as made men do of favours,
Which they grow sick to part from. And now, my Lord,
You that have so conceitedly gone beyond me,
And made so large use of a slender gift,
Which we ne're minded; I commend your thrift.
And that your Building may to all Ages
Carry the stamp and imprints of your wit,
It shall be call'd *Thong-Castle*.

Heng. How? my Lord,

Thong-Castle! there your Grace quits me kindly.

Vor. 'Tis fit Art should be known by its right name,
You that can spread my gift, I'll spread your fame.

Heng. I thank your Grace for that.

Vor. And loved Lord,
So well we do accept your Invitation,
With all speed we'll set forwards.

Heng. Your Honour loves me.

Exit.

Actus

*****:*****

ACT. 4. SCENA I.

Enter Symon and all his Brethren, a Mace and Sword before him, meeting Vortiger, Castiza, Hengist, Roxena, Horsus, two Ladies.

Sym. **L** O I, the Mayor of *Quinborough* by name,
With all my Brethren, saving one that's lame,
Are come as fast as fiery Mill-horse gallops
To greet thy Grace, thy Queen and her fair Trollops.
For reason of our coming do not look,
It must be done, I find it i'th' Town-book;
And yet not I my self, I cannot read,
I keep a Clark to do those jobbs for need.
And now expect a rare conceit before *Thong-Castle* see thee;
Reach me the thing to give the King, the other too I prithee:
Now here they be for Queen and thee, the gift all steel & leather;
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come together:
To shew two Loves must joyn in one, our Town presents by me
This gilded Scabberd to the Queen, this Dagger unto thee.

Var. Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties,
I hate them, as I do the roots of your
Inconstant Rabble, I have felt your fits,
Sheath up your Bounties with your Iron wits. *Exit cum sociis.*

Sym. Look Sirs, is his back turn'd?

All. It is, it is.

Sym. Then blest the good Earl of *Kent*, say I,
I'll have this Dagger turn'd into a Pye,
And eaten up for anger every bit on't.
And when this pye shall be cut up by some rare cunning Pye-man,
They shall full lamentably sing, Put up thy Dagger *Symon.* *Ex.*

Actus

***** ! *****

ACT. 4. SCENA 2.

*Enter Hengist, Horsus, Vortiger, Devonshire, Stafford,
Castiza, Roxena, Ladies.*

Heng. A Welcome (mighty Lord) may appear costlier,
More full of toil and talk, shew and conceit,
But one more stor'd with thankful love and truth
I forbid all the sons of men to boast of.

Vor. Why there's a Fabrick that implies eternity,
The building plain, but most substantial ;
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruine,
Saying that Master-piece of Consummation,
The end of time, which must consume even ruine,
And eat that into Cinders.

Heng. There's no brass
Would pass your praise, my Lord, 'twould last beyond it,
And shame our durablest metall.

Vor. *Horsus!*

Hor. My Lord!

Vor. This is the time I have chosen ; here's a full meeting,
And here will I disgrace her.

Hor. 'Twill be sharp, my Lord.

Vor. Oh 'twill be best.

Hor. Why here's the Earl her Father.

Vor. I and the Lord her Uncle, that's the height of it,
Invited both on purpose, to rise sick
Full of shames surfeit.

Hor. And that's shrewd b'er lady,
It ever sticks close to the ribs of honour ;
Great men are never found men after it,
It leaves some ache or other in their names fill,

Which

Which their posterity feels at every weather.

Vor. Mark but the least presentment of occasion,
As these times yield enough, and then mark me:

Hor. My observance is all yours, you know't, my Lord;
What careful ways some take to abuse themselves!
But as there be Assurers of mens Goods
'Gainst storms or Pirates, which gives Adventurers Courage,
So such there must be to make up mans theft,
Or there would be no woman Venturer left.
See, now they find their seats, what a false knot
Of Amiry he tyes about her Arm,
Which rage must part? in marriage 'tis no wonder,
Knots knit with kisses oft are broke with thunder.
Musick? then I have done, I always learn
To give my betters place.

Vor. Where's Captain *Horsus*?
Sit, sit, we'll have a health anon to all good services.

Hor. They are poor in these days, th'had rather have the Carp
Then the health; he hears me not,
And most great men are deaf on that side.

Vor. My Lord of *Kent*, I thank you for this welcome,
It came unthought of in the sweetest Language
That ever my soul relish'd.

Heng. You are pleas'd, my Lord,
To raise my happiness for slight deservings,
To shew what power's in Princes; not in us
Ought worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
I am chiefly sad, my Lord, your Queen's not merry.

Vor. So honour bless me, he has found the way
To my grief strangely. Is there no delight——

Cast. My Lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful,
I am as I was ever.

Vor. That's not so.

Cast. How? oh my fears!

Vor. When she writ Maid, my Lord,
You knew her otherwise.

Devon. To speak but truth,
I never knew her a great friend to mirth,

Nor taken much with any one delight,
Though there be many seemly and honourable
To give content to Ladies without taxing.

Vor. My Lord of *Kent*, this to thy full deserts,
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.

Heng. Which, like a river, shall return in service
To the great Master-Fountain.

Vor. Where's your Lord?

I miss'd him: not till now; Lady, and yours?

No marvel then we were so out of the way
Of all pleasant discourse; they are the keys
Of humane Musick, sure at their Nativities
Great Nature sign'd a general Patent to them
To take up all the mirth in a whole Kingdome.
What's their employment now?

1 Lad. May it please your Grace,
We never are so far acquainted with them,
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep,
That's even the fashion of them all, my Lord.

Vor. It seems y^e have great thought in their constancies,
And they in yours, you dare so trust each other.

2 Lad. Hope well we do, my Lord, we have reason for it,
Because they say brown men are honestest,
But she's a fool will swear for any colour.

Vor. They would for yours.

2 Lad. Truth 'tis a doubtful question,
And I'd be loth to put mine to't my Lord.

Vor. F. ich dare you swear for your selves? that's a plain question,

2 Lad. My Lord?

Vor. You cannot deny that with honour,
And since 'tis urg'd, I'll put you to't in troth.

1 Lad. May it please your Grace?

Vor. 'Twould please me very well,
And here's a Book, mine never goes without one,
She's an example to you all for purity;
Come swear (I have sworn you shall) that you ne're knew
The will of any man, besides your husbands.

2 Lad. I'll swear, my Lord, as far as my remembrance.

Vor.

The Mayor of Quinborough.

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Vor. How ? your remembrance ! that were strange.

1 Lad. Your Grace

Hearing out just excuse, will not say so.

Vor. Well, what's your just excuse ? y^e are ne^re without some.

1 Lad. I am often taken with a sleep, my Lord,

The loudest thunder cannot waken me,

Not if a Cannons burthen be discharg'd

Close by my ear ; the more may be my wrong,

There can be no infirmity, my Lord, more excusable in any woman.

2 Lad. And I am so troubled with the Mother too,

I have often call'd in help, I know not whom,

Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.

Vor. I perceive there's no fastening : well fare one then

That never deceives faiths Anchor of her hold,

Come at all seasons. Here, be thou the Star

To guide those erring women, shew the way

Which I will make them follow : why do'st flart,

Draw back, and look so pale ?

Cast. My Lord ?

Vor. Come hither,

Nothing but take that Oath ; thou'lt take a thousand,

A thousand ! Nay a Million, or as many

As there be Angels Registers of Oaths.

Why look thee, over-fearful Chastity,

(That sinn'st in nothing but in too much niceness)

I'le begin first, and swear for thee my self,

I know thee a perfection so unstain'd,

So sure, so absolute, I will not pant on it,

But catch time greedily. By all those blessings

That blow truth into fruitfulness, and those curses

That with their barren breaths blast perjury,

Thou art as pure as Sanctities best shrine

From all mans mixture, save what's lawful mine.

Cast. Oh Heaven forgive him, he has forsworn himself.

Vor. Come, 'tis but going now my way:

Cast. That's bad enough.

Vor. I have clear'd all doubts you see.

Cast. Good my Lord spare me.

G 2

Vor.

Vor. How ? it grows later then so, for modesties sake
Make more speed this way.

Cast. Pardon me, my Lord,
I cannot.

Vor. What ?

Cast. I dare not.

Vor. Fail all confidence in thy weak kind for ever.

Devon. Here's a storm

Able to make all of our name inhumid,
And raise them from their sleeps of peace and fame
To set the honours of their blouds right here
Hundred years after; a perpetual morion
Has their true glory been from seed to seed,
And cannot be choakt now with a poor grain
Of dust and earth, her Uncle and my self
Wild in this tempest, as ever robb'd mans peace,
Will undertake upon lifes deprivation
She shall accept this oath.

Vor. You do but call me then
Into a world of more despair and horror ;
Yet since so wilfully you stand engag'd
In high scorn to be touch'd, with expedition
Perfect your undertakings with your fames,
Or by the Issues of abus'd belief
I'll take the forfeit of Lives, Lands, and Honours,
And make one ruine serve our joys and yours.

Cast. Why here's a height of miseries never reach'd yet,
I lose my self and others.

Devon. You may see
How much we lay in Ballance with your goodness,
And had we more, it went ; for we presume
You cannot be religious and so vile.

Cast. As to forswear my self, 'tis truth, great Sir,
The honour of your Bed hath been abus'd.

Vor. Oh beyond patience !

Cast. But give me hearing, Sir,
'Twas far from my consent, I was surpriz'd
By Villaines, and so raught.

Vor.

Vor. Hear you that, Sirs?

Oh cunning texture to inclose Adultery!

Mark but what subtle veil her sin puts on,

Religion brings her to confession first,

Then steps in Art to sanctifie that lust.

'Tis likely you could be surpriz'd.

Cast. My Lord!

Vor. I'll hear no more, our Guard, seize on those Lords:

Devon. We cannot perish now too fast, make speed

To swift destruction; he breathes most accurst

That lives so long to see his name dye first.

Hor. Here's no dear villany!

Heng. Let him intreat, Sir,

That falls in saddest grief for this event,

Which ill begins the fortune of this Building, my Lord.

Rex. What if he should cause me to swear too, Captain?

You know I am as far to seek in honesty

As the worst here can be; I should be sham'd too.

Hor. Why, fool, they swear by that we worship not,

So you may swear your heart out, and ne're hurt your self.

Rex. That was well thought on, I had quite lost my self else.

Vor. You shall prevail in noble suits, my Lord,

But this does shame the speaker.

Hor. I'll step in now,

Though it shall be to no purpose; good my Lord

Think on your noble and most hopeful Issue

Lord *Vortimer*, the Prince.

Vor. A Bastard, Sir,

I would his life were in my fury now.

Cast. That injury stirs my Soul to speak the truth

Of his conception; here I take the Book, my Lord:

By all the glorified rewards of Virtue

And prepared punishments for consents in sin,

A Queen's hard sorrow ne're supplied a Kingdom

With Issue more legitimate then *Vortimer*.

Vor. This takes not out the stain of present shame,

Continuance crowns desert, she ne're can go

For perfect honest that's not always so:

Beshrew

Beshrew thy heart for urging this excuse,
Th' hast justified her somewhat.

Hor. To small purpose.

Vor. Among so many women not one here
Dare swear a simple Chastity ! here's an Age
To propagate vertue in : since I have begun,
I'll shame you all together, and so leave you.
My Lord of Kent !

Heng. Your Highness ?

Vor. That's your Daughter ?

Heng. Yes my good Lord.

Vor. Though I am your Guest to day,
And should be less austere to you or yours,
In this case pardon me, I may not spare her.

Heng. Then her own goodness friend her ; she comes my Lord.

Vor. The tender reputation of a Maid
Makes your honour, or else nothing can ;
The oath you take is not for truth to man,
But to your own white soul, a mighty Task ;
What dare you do in this ?

Rox. My Lord, as much
As Chastity can put a woman to,
I ask no favour ; and t' approve the purity
Of what my habit and my time professeth,
As likewise to requite all courteous censure,
Here I take oath I am as free from man
As truth from falsehood, or sanctity from stain.

Vor. Oh thou treasure that ravishes the possessor !
I know not where to speed so well again,
I'll keep thee while I have thee ; here's a Fountain
To spring forth Princes, and the seeds of Kingdoms. (pledges,
Away with that infection of black honour, and those her leprous
Here will we store succession with true peace, *Exeunt all*
And of pure Virgins grace the poor increase. *but Horfus.*

Hor. Ha ha, he's well provided now, here struck my fortunes.
With what an impudent confidence she swore honest,
Having th' advantage of the Oath ! Precious Where.
Methinks I should not hear from fortune next

Under

Under an Earldom now ; she cannot spend
A night so idly, but to make a Lord
With ease methinks and play : the Earl of Kent
Is calm and smooth, like a deep dangerous water ;
He has some secret way, I know his blood,
The grave's not greedier, nor Hell's Lord more proud.
Something will hap ; for this astonishing choice
Strikes pale the Kingdom, at which I rejoyce.

Exit.

Dumb show. *Enter Lupus, Germanus, Devonshire, and Stafford, leading Vortimer, and Crown him : Vortiger comes to them in passion, they neglect him. Enter Roxena in fury expressing discontent, then they lead out Vortimer ; Roxena gives two Villains gold to murder him, they swear performance and go with her : Vortiger offers to run on his sword, Horfus prevents him, and persuades him ; the Lords bring in Vortimer dead ; Vortiger mourns and submits to them, they swear him, and Crown him. Then Enters Hengist with Saxons, Vortiger draws, threatens expulsion, and then sends a Parley, which Hengist seems to grant by laying down his weapons, so all depart severally.*

Enter Raynulfus.

Ray. Of Pagan blood a Queen being chose,
Roxena hight, the Britains rose
For Vortimer, and crown'd him King,
But she soon poyson'd that sweet Spring.
Then unto Rule they did restore
Vortiger, and him they swore
Against the Saxons ; they (constrain'd)
Begg'd Peace, Treaty, and obtain'd ;
And now in numbers equally
Upon the Plain near Salisbury,
A peaceful meeting they decreen
Like men of love, no Weapon seen.

But

But *Hengist*, that ambitious Lord,
Full of guil, corrupts his word,
As the sequel too well proves;
On that your eyes, on us your loves.

*Exit.**Enter Hengist with Saxons.*

Heng. If we let slip this opportuneful hour,
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought
Of ever fixing; we are loose at root,
And the least storm may rend us from the bosom
Of this Lands hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,
Fasten we now, and our unshaken firmness
Will endure after Ages.

Sax. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Heng. Observe you not how *Vortiger* the King,
Base in submission, threatned our expulsion,
His arm held up against us? Is it not time
To make our best prevention? what should check me?
He has perfected that great work in our Daughter,
And made her Queen, she can ascend no higher,
Therefore be quick, dispatch; here, every man
Receive into the service of his Vengeance
An instrument of Steel, which will unseen
Lurk like a snake under the innocent shade
Of a spread Summer-leaf, there fly you on,
Take heart, the Commons love us, those remov'd
That are the nerves, our greatness stands improv'd.

Sax. Give us the word, my Lord, and we are perfect.

Heng. That's true, the word, I lose my self. *Wemp your Sexes.*
It shall be that.

Sax. Enough Sir, then we strike.

Heng. But the King's mine, take heed you touch him not.

Sax. We shall not be at leisure, never fear it,
We shall have work enough of our own, my Lord. *Enter Vortiger*
Heng. Calm looks but stormy souls possess you all. *and British*
Vor. We see you keep your words in all points firm. *Lords.*
Heng. No longer may we boast of so much breath

As

As goes to a words making, then of care
In the preserving of it, when 'tis made.

Vor. Y'are in a vertuous way, my Lord of Kent,
And since both sides are met like Sons of peace,
All other arms laid by in signs of favour
If our conditions be embrac'd.

Heng. They are:

Vor. We'll use no other but these only here:

Heng. Nempe your Sexes:

Brit. Treason, treason!

Heng. Follow it to the heart, my trusty Saxons,
It is your liberty, your wealth and honour. Soft, you are mine, my

Vor. Take me not basely, when all sence & strength (Lord.
Lies bound up in amazement at this treachery.
What Devil hath breath'd this everlasting part
Of falshood into thee?

Heng. Let it suffice,
I have you, and will hold you Prisoner,
As fast as death holds your best props in silence:
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
Slavery or diminution, which we hate
With a joynt loathing: may all perish thus
That seek to subjugate or lessen us.

Vor. Oh the strange nooks of guil or subtilty,
When man so cunningly lyes hid from man!
Who could expect such treason from thy breast,
Such thunder from thy voice? or takest thou pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day, that reemes a sudden storm,
When the world least expects one? but of all
I'll ne're trust fair skie in a man again,
There's the deceitful weather; will you heap
More guilt upon you, by detaining me,
Like a Cup taken after a fore surfeit
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What seek you?

Heng. Ransom for your Liberty
As I shall like of, or you ne're obtain it.

H

Vor.

Vor. Here's a most headlong dangerous ambition,
Sow you the seeds of your aspiring hopes
In bloud and treason, and must I pay for them?

Heng. Have not I rais'd you to this height of pride?
A work of my own merite, since you enforce it.

Vor. There's even the general thanks of all Aspirers,
When they have a l a Kingdom can impart,
They write above it still their own desert.

Heng. I have writ mine true, my Lord.

Vor. That's all their sayings.

Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a Queen?

Heng. You have the harmony of your pleasure for it,
You Crown your own desires, what's that to me?

Vor. And what will Crown yours, Sir?

Heng. Faith things of reason,
I demand *Kent*.

Vor. Why y^e have the Earldom of it.

Heng. The Kingdom of't I mean, without controul,
In full possession.

Vor. This is strange in you.

Heng. It seems y^e are not acquainted with my bloud
To call this strange.

Vor. Never was King of *Kent*
But who was general King.

Heng. I'll be the first then,
Every thing has beginning.

Vor. No less Title?

Heng. Not if you hope for liberty, my Lord.
So dear a happiness would not be wrong'd with slighting.

Vor. Very well, take it, I resign it.

Heng. Why I thank your Grace.

Vor. Is your great thirst yet satisfied?

Heng. Faith, my Lord,
There's yet behind a pair of teeming Sisters,
Norfolk and *Suffolk*, and I have done with you.

Vor. Y^e have got a dangerous thirst of late, my Lord,
How e're you came by it.

Heng. It behoves me then

For my blouds health to seek all means to quench it,

Vor. Them too?

Heng. There will nothing be abated, I assure you.

Vor. You have me at advantage, he whom fate
Does captivate must yield to all; take them.

Heng. And you your liberty and peace, my Lord,
With our best love and wishes. Here's an hour
Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame, and power. *Exit cum suis.*

Vor. Are these the noblest fruits and fairest requitals
From works of our own raising?

Methinks the murder of *Constantine*
Speaks to me in the voice of it, and the wrongs
Of our late Queen, slipp'd both into one Organ. *Enter Horfus.*
Ambition, hell, my own undoing, lust,
And all the brood of Plagues conspire against me.
I have not a friend left me.

Hor. My Lord, he dyes
That says it but your self, were't that Thief-King
That has so boldly stoln his honours from you,
A treason that wrings tears from honest Man-hood.

Vor. So rich am I now in thy love and pity
I feel no loss at all; but we must part,
My Queen and I to *Cambria*.

Hor. My Lord, and I not nam'd,
That have vow'd lasting service to my lives extreamest minute?

Vor. Is my sick fate blest with so pure a friend?

Hor. My Lord, no space of Earth, nor breadth of Sea
Shall divide me from you.

Vor. Oh faithful treasure!
All my lost happiness is made up in thee. *Exit.*

Hor. I'll follow you through the world, to cuckold you,
That's my way now; every one has his Toy
While he lives here; some men delight in Building,
A trick of *Babel*, which will ne're be left;
Some in consuming what was rais'd with toiling,
Hengist in getting honour, I in spoiling. *Exit.*

***** ! *****

ACT. 5. SCENA 1.

*Enter Symon and his Brethren, Aminadab his Clerk.**Sym.* IS not that Rebel *Oliver*, that Traytor to my year,
Prehended yet ?*Ami.* Not yet, so please your Worship.*Sym.* Not yet say'st thou ? how durst thou say, not yet,
And see me present ? thou malapert, that art good for nothing
But to write and read. Is his Loom seiz'd upon ?*Ami.* Yes, if it like your Worship, and 16 yards of Fustian.*Sym.* Good, let a yard be sav'd to mend me between the Legs,
The rest cut in pieces and given to the poor,
'Tis Heretick Fustian, and should be burnt indeed,
But being worn thied-bare the shame will be as great,
How think you Neighbours ?*Glo.* Greater methinks the longer it is wore,
Where being once burnt it can be burnt no more.*Sym.* True, wife and most senseless. How now, Sirra, *Enter a*
What's he approaching here in dusty pumps ? *Footman.**Ami.* A Footman, Sir, to the great King of *Kent*.*Sym.* The King of *Kent* ? shake him by the hand for me,
Th'art welcome, Footman, loe, my Deputy shakes thee,
Come when my year is out, I'll doe't my self.
If 'twere a Dog that came from the King of *Kent*,
I keep those Officers would shake him, I trow.
And what's the News with thee, thou well stew'd Footman ?*Foot.* The King my Master—*Sym.* Ha ?*Foot.* With a few Saxons,
Intends this night to make merry with you.*Sym.* Merry with me ? I should be sorry else, fellow,

And

And take it in ill part, so tell *Kent's* King.
Why was I chosen, but that great men should make
Merry with me ? there is a jest indeed ;
Tell him, I lookt for't, and me much he wrongs,
If he forget *Sym* that cut out his thongs.

Foot. I'll run with your Worships answer. *Exit.*

Sym. Do I prichee ;
That fellow will be rosted against supper,
He's half enough already, his Brows baste him,
The King of *Kent* ! the King of *Kirsendome*
Shall not be better welcome ; for you must imagine now, Neigh-
This is the time when *Kent* stands out of *Kirsendome*, (bours,
For he that's King here now was never kirsen'd ;
This for your more Instruction I thought fit,
That when you are dead you may teach your Children wit.
Cerk !

Ami. At your Worships elbow.

Sym. I must turn you
From the Hall to the Kitchen to night. Give order that 12 Pigs be
Rosted yellow ; 9 Geese, and some 3 Larks for piddling meat ;
And twenty Woodcocks, I'll bid all my Neighbours ;
Give charge the mutton come in all bloud-raw, that is Infidels meat,
The King of *Kent* is a Pagan, and must be serv'd so.
And let those Officers that seldom, or never go to Church
Bring it in, 'twill be the better taken. Run, run, come you hither
Now, take all my Cushions down and thwack them soundly,
After my Feast of Millers ; for their Buttocks
Have left a peck of flower in them, beat them carefully
Over a bolting hutch, there will be enough
For a Pan-pudding, as your Dame will handle it.
Then put fresh water into both the Bough-pots,
And burn a little Juniper in the Hall-Chimney,
Like a beast as I was, I piss out the fire last night,
And never dreamt of the Kings coming. How now,
Returned so quickly ?

Ami. Please your Worship here are
A certain Company of Players.

Sym. Ha, Players !

Amin.

Ami. Country Comedians, Interluders, Sir,
Desire your Worships favour
And leave to enact in the Town-Hall.

Sym. In the Town-Hall?

'Tis ten to one I never grant them that;
Call them before my Worship.

Enter Cheaters.

If my house will not serve their turn, I would fain see
The proudest he lend them a barn:
Now, Sirs, are you Comedians?

2 Cheat. We are Sir, Comedians, Tragedians,
Tragi-Comedians, Comi-Tragedians, Pastors,ists,
Humorists, Clownists, Satyrists; we have them Sir,
From the hug to the smile, from the smile to the laugh,
From the laugh to the handkerchief.

Sym. You're very strong in the wrist methinks;
And must all these good parts be cast away
Upon Pedlers, and Malt-men, ha?

1 Cheat. For want of better company, if it please your Worship.

Sym. What think you of me my Masters?

Hu!; have you audacity enough
To play before so high a person as my self? will not
My countenance daunt you? for if you play before me
I shall often look on you, I give you that warning before hand,
Take it not ill my Masters, I shall laugh at you,
And truly when I am least offended with you;
It is my humour, but be not you abash'd.

1 Cheat. Sir, we have plaid before a Lord e're now,
Though we be Country Actors.

Sym. A Lord? ha, ha,
Thou'lt find it a harder thing to please a Mayor.

2 Cheat. We have a Play wherein we use a horse.

Sym. Fellows, you use no horse-play in my house,
My rooms are rubb'd, keep it for Hackney-men.

1 Cheat. We'll not offer it to your Worship.

Sym. Give me a Play without a Beast, I charge you.

2 Cheat. That's hard, without a Cuckold or a Drunkard?

Sym. Oh those Beasts are often the best men in a Parish,
And must not be kept out. But which is your merriest play?

That

That I would hearken after.

2 *Cheat*. Your Worship shall hear
Their names, and take your Choice.

Sym. And that's plain dealing. Come begin, Sir.

2 *Cheat*. The Whirligig, the Whibble, the Carwidgen.

Sym. Hey day, what names are these !

2 *Cheat*. New names of late.

The Wild-goose Chase.

Sym. I understand thee now.

2 *Cheat*. Gull upon Gull.

Sym. Why this is somewhat yer.

1 *Cheat*. Woodcock of our side.

Sym. Get thee further off then.

2 *Cheat*. The Cheater and the Clown.

Sym. Is that come up again ?

That was a Play when I was Prentice first.

2 *Cheat*. I, but the Cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,
And gulls the Clown with new additions.

Sym. Then is your Clown a Coxcomb, which is he ?

1 *Cheat*. This is our Clown, Sir.

Sym. Fye, fye, your Company

Must fall upon him and beat him, he's too fair y'faith
To make the people laugh:

1 *Cheat*. Not as he may be drest, Sir.

Sym. Faith drest him how you will, I'll give him that gift
He will never look half scurvily enough.

Oh the Clowns that I have seen in my time !

The very peeping out of one of them would have made

A young heir laugh, though his Father lay a dying ;

A man undone in Law the day before (the saddest case that can be)

Might for his 2^d have burst himself with laughing,

And ended all his miseries. Here was a merry world, my Masters !

Some talk of things of State, of puling stuff ;

There's nothing in a Play to a Clown,

If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed,

The King shews well, but he sets off the King ;

But not the King of *Kent*, I mean not so,

The King is one, I mean, I do not know.

2 *Cheat*.

2 Cheat. Your Worship speaks with safety, like a rich man,
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,
Neither with him the Clown, nor me the Cheater. *Ex. Players.*

Sym. Away then, shift, Clown, to thy motley Crupper,
We'll see them first, the King shall after supper.

Glo. I commend your Worships wisdom in that, Mr. Mayor.

Sym. Nay 'tis a point of Justice, if it be well examined,
Not to offer the King worse then I'll see my self;
For a Play may be dangerous, I have known
A Great man poisoned in a Play.

Glo. What have you, Mr. Mayor?

Sym. But to what purpose many times I know not.

Felt. Methinks they should destroy one another so.

Sym. Oh no no, he that's poisoned is always made privy to it,
That's one good order they have among them. What joyful throat
Is that, *Aminadab*? what is the meaning of this cry? *A shout within.*

Ami. The Rebel is taken.

Sym. Oliver the Puritan?

Ami. Oliver Puritan and Fustian-Weaver altogether.

Sym. Fates I thank you for this victorious day,
Bonfires of pease-straw burn, let the Bells ring.

Glo. There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.

Sym. 'Las the Tenor's broken, ring out the Treble, *Oliver is brought in.*
I am overcloy'd with joy; welcome thou Rebel:

Oli. I scorn thy welcome, I.

Sym. Art thou yet so stout?

Wilt thou not stoop for grace? then get thee out.

Oli. I was not born to stoop but to my Loom,
That seiz'd upon, my stooping days are done;
In plain terms, if thou hast any thing to say to me,
Send me away quickly, this is no biding place,
I understand there are Players in thy house,
Dispatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all the Brethren.

Sym. Nay now proud Rebel, I will make thee stay,
And to thy greater torment see a Play.

Oli. Oh Devil, I conjure thee by *Amsterdam*.

Sym. Our word is past,
Justice may wink a while, but see at last:

The Play begins, hold, stop him, stop him.

Oli. Oh that prophane trumpet ! oh, oh.

Sym. Set him down there I charge you Officers.

Oli. I'll hide my ears and stop my eyes.

Sym. Down with his golls I charge you.

Oli. Oh tyranny, tyranny, revenge it tribulation !

For Rebels there are many deaths, but sure the only way

To execute a Puritan is seeing of a Play.

Oh I shall swoound !

Sym. Which if thou dost, to spite thee,
A Players Boy shall bring thee *Aqua-vita.*

Enter 1 Cheater.

Oli. Oh I'll not swoound at all for't, though I dye.

Sym. Peace, here's a Rascal, list and edifie.

1 Cheat. I say still he's an Ass that cannot live by his wits.

Sym. What a bold Rascal's this? he calls us all Asses at first dash,
Sure none of us live by our wits, unless it be *Oliver* the Puritan.

Oli. I scorn as much to live by my wits as the proudest of you all.

Sym. Why then y'are an Ass for company, so hold your prating.

2 Cheat. Fellow in arms, welcome,

Enter second

The News, the News ?

Cheater.

Sym. Fellow in arms, quoth he ?

He may well call him fellow in arms.

I am sure th'are both out at the Elbows.

2 Cheat. Be lively, my heart, be lively, the Booty is at hand,
He's but a fool of a Yeomans eldest Son,
He's ballinc'd on both sides, Bully; he's going to buy household-stuff
With one pocket, and to pay rent with the other.

1 Cheat. And if this be his last day, my Chuck,

He shall forfeit his Lease, quoth the one pocket,

And eat his meat in wooden Platters, quoth the other.

Sym. Faith then he's not so wise as he ought to be, to let
Such Tatt. rdemallians get the upper hand of him. *Ent. Clown.*

1 Cheat. He comes.

2 Cheat. I, but finally to our comfort, with both his hands in
His pockets ; how is it possible to pick a Lock, when the Key
Is on the inside of the Door ?

Sym. Oh neighbours here's the part now
That carries away the Play, if the Clown miscarry.

I

Farewell

Farewell my hopes for ever, the Play's spoil'd.

Clo. They say there is a foolish kind of thing call'd a Cheater
Abroad, that will gull any Yeomans Son of his purse,
And laugh in his face like an Irishman.

I would fain meet with some of these Creatures,
I am in as good state to be gull'd now as ever I was in my life,
For I have two purses at this time about me, and I would fain be
Acquainted with that Rascal that would take one of them now.

Sym. Faith thou may'st be acquainted with two or three
That will do their good wills I warrant thee.

1 *Cheat.* That way's too plain, too easie I am afraid.

2 *Cheat.* Come, Sir, your most familiar Cheats take best,
They shew like natural things and least suspected,
Give me a round shilling quickly.

1 *Cheat.* It will fetch
But one of his hands neither, if it take.

2 *Cheat.* Thou art too covetous, let's have one out first, prithee,
There's time enough to fetch out th'other after.
Thou liest, 'tis lawful currant money.

They draw.

1 *Cheat.* I say 'tis Copper in some Countries.

Clo. Here is a fray towards,
But I will hold my hands, let who will part them.

2 *Cheat.* Copper? I defie thee, and now I shall disprove thee,
Look you, here's an honest Yeomans son of the Country,
A man of Judgement.

Clo. Pray you be covered, Sir,
I have Eggs in my Cap, and cannot put it off.

2 *Cheat.* Will you be tryed by him?

1 *Cheat.* I am content, Sir.

Sym. They look rather as if they would be tryed next Sessions.

1 *Cheat.* Pray give your judgement of this piece of Coin, Sir.

Clo. Nay if it be Coin you strive about,
Let me see it, I love money.

1 *Cheat.* Look on it well, Sir.

*They pick
his pocket.*

2 *Cheat.* Let him do his worst, Sir.

Clo. Y'had both need wear cut clothes, y'are so cholerick.

2 *Cheat.* Nay rub it and spare nor, Sir.

Clo. Now by this silver, Gentlemen,

It is good money, would I had a hundred of them.

2 *Cheat*. We hope well, Sir; th'other pocket
And we are made men.

Exeunt.

Sym. Oh neighbours, I begin to be sick of this fool,
To see him thus couzen'd, I would make his case my own.

Clo. Still I meet with these things call'd Cheaters.

Sym. A whoreson Coxcomb, they have met with thee,
I can no longer endure him with patience.

Clo. Oh my rent, my whole years rent!

Sym. A murrain on you,
This makes us Landlords stay so long for our money.

Clo. The Cheaters have been here.

Sym. A scurvey hobby-horse,
That could not leave his money with me, having such a Charge
About him; a pox on thee for an Ass, thou play a Clown?
I wi I commit thee for offering it; Officers, away with him.

Glo. What means your Worship? why you'l spoil the Play, Sir.

Sym. Before the King of *Kew* shall be thus serv'd,
I'll play the Clown my self, away with him.

Clo. With me? if it please your Worship, 'twas my part.

Sym. But 'twas a foolish part as ever thou plaid't in thy life,
I'll make thee smock for it, I'll teach thee to understand
To play a Clown, thou shalt know, every man
Is not born to it, away with him quickly,

Exit Clown.

He'll have the other Pocket pickt else, I heard them say it
With my own ears; see he's come in another disguise
To cheat thee again.

Enter second Cheat.

2 *Cheat*. Pish, whither goes he now?

Sym. Come on, Sir, let us see what your
Kniveship can do at me now,
You must not think you have a Clown in hand,
The fool I have committed too, for playing this part.

*He throws off
his Gown, dis-
covering his
doublet with
a fatten fore-*

2 *Cheat*. What's here to do?

part and a

Glo. Fie, good Sir come away,
Will your Worship base your self to play a Clown?

Canvass back,

2 *Cheat*. I beseech your Worship let us have our own Clown,
I know not how to go forwards else.

Sym. Knave, play out thy part with me,

Or I'll lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life.
 Why how now, my Masters, who is that laugh'd at me?
 Cannot a man of Worship play the Clown a little for his pleasure
 But he must be laugh'd at? do you know who I am?
 Is the Kings Deputy of no better account among you?
 Was I choien to be laugh'd at? where's my Clerk?

Ami. Here, if it please your Worship.

Sym. Take a Note of all those
 That laugh at me, that when I have done I may commit them.
 Let me see who dare do it now. And now to you once again
 Sir Cheater, look you, here are my purse-strings, I do desire thee.

2 Cheat. Good Sir, tempt me not, my part is so written
 That I should cheat your Worship if you were my Father.

Sym. I should have much joy to have such a Rascal to my Son.

2 Cheat. Therefore I beseech your Worship pardon me, the part
 Has more Knavery in it then when your Worship saw it at first,
 I assure you you'll be deceiv'd in it, Sir, the new Additions
 Will take any mans purse in *Kent* or *Kirsendome*.

Sym. If thou canst take my purse, I'll give it thee free'y,
 And do thy worst, I charge thee; as thou'lt answer it.

2 Cheat. I shall offend your Worship.

Sym. Knave, do it quickly.

2 Cheat. Say you so? then there's for you, and here is for me:

Sym. Oh bleis me, Neighbours, I am in a Fogg, *Throws meal*
 A Cheaters Fogg, I can see no body. *in his face,*

Glo. Run, follow him, Officers.

takes his purse,
& Exit.

Sym. Away, let him go,

He will have all your purses, if he come back,
 A pox on your new Additions, they spoil all the plays
 That ever they come in, the old way had no such roguery in it;
 Calls you this a merry Comedy, when a mans eyes are put out in't?
 Brother Honey-suckle.

Felt. What says your sweet Worship.

Sym. I make you Deputy to rule the Town till I can see again,
 Which will be within these nine days at farthest.
 Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear *Oliver* the Rebel
 Laugh at me; a pox on your Puritan face, this will make you in
 Love with Plays as long as you live,

We

We shall not keep you from them now.

Oli. In sincerity,

I was never better pleas'd at an exercise. Ha, ha, ha.

Sym. Neighbours, what colour was the dust

The Rascal threw in my face?

Glo. 'Twas meal, if it please your Worship.

Sym. Meal? I am glad of it,

I'll hang the Miller for selling it.

Glo. Nay ten to one

The Cheater never bought it, he stole it certainly.

Sym. Why then I'll hang the Cheater for stealing it,
And the Miller for being out of the way when he did it.

Felt: I but your Worship was in the fault your self,
You bid him do his worst.

Sym. His worst? that's true,

But the Rascal hath done his best; for I know not how a Villain
Could put out a mans eyes better, and leave them in his head,
As he has done mine.

Ami. Where is my Masters Worship?

Sym. How now *Aminadab*? I hear thee though I see thee not.

Ami. You are sure couzened, Sir, they are all professed Cheaters,
They have stoln two silver spoons, and the Clown took his heels
With all celerity; they only take the name of Country-Comedians
To abuse simple people with a printed play or two,
Which they bought at *Canterbury* for six pence,
And what is worse, they speak but
What they list of it, and fribble out the rest.

Sym. Here's no abuse to the Common-wealth,
If a man could see to look into it,

Enter Hengist.

But mark the Cunning of these cheating slaves,
First they make Justice blind, then play the Knaves.

Heng. Where's Mr. Mayor?

Glo. Od's precious Brother, the King of *Kent* is newly alighted.

Sym. The King of *Kent*? where is he,
That I should live to this day,

And yet not live to see to bid him welcome?

Heng. Where is *Symonides*, our friendly Host?

Sym. Ah blind as one that had been fox'd a sevenight.

Heng.

Heng. Why how now man ?

Sym. Faith practising a Clowns part for your Grace
I have practis'd both my eyes out.

Heng. What need you practise that ?

Sym. A man is never too old to learn, your Grace will say so,
When you hear the jest of it ; the truth is, my Lord, I meant
To have been merry, and now it is my luck to weep
Water and Oatmeal ; I shall see again at Supper,
I make no doubt of it.

Enter a Gentleman.

Heng. This is strange to me, Sirs.

Gent. Arm, arm, my Lord !

Heng. What's that ?

Gent. With swiftest speed, if ever you'll behold
The Queen your Daughter alive again.

Heng. *Roxena* ?

Gent. They are besieged, *Aurelius*,
Ambrose, and his Brother *Uther*,
With numbers infinite of British Forces,
Beset their Castle, and they cannot scape
Without your speedy succour.

Heng. For her safety I'll forget food and rest : away.

Sym. I hope your Worship will hear the jest e're you go.

Heng. The jest ! torment me not.

Sym. I'll follow you to *Wales* with a Dog and a Bell
But I will tell it you.

Heng. Unseasonable Folly !

Exit cum suis.

Sym. 'Tis sign of war when great men disagree ;
Look to the Rebel well, till I can see,
And when my fight is recover'd, I will have
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.

Oli. My eyes ? hang thee,
A deadly sin or two shall pluck them out first,
That is my resolution. Ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt.

Actus



ACT. 5. SCENA 2.

*Enter Aurelius and Uther with Soldiers, (Vortiger and
Horsus above.)*

Uther. MY Lord, the Castle is so fortified.

Aur. Let wild-fire ruine it,
That his destruction may appear to him
In the figure of Heavens wrath at the last day,
That Murderer of our Brother. Hence away,
I'll send my heart no peace till it be consum'd.

Uth. There he appears again, behold, my Lord.

Aur. Oh that the zealous fire on my Souls Altar,
To the high Birth of Virtue consecrated,
Would fit me with a lightning now to blast him,
Even as I look upon him.

Uth. Good my Lord,
Your anger is too noble and too precious
To waste it self on guilt so foul as his ;
Let ruine work her will.

Vor. Begirt all round ?

Hor. All, all, my Lord, 'tis folly to make doubts of it,
You question things that horror long ago
Resolv'd us on.

Vor. Give me leave, *Horsus*, though—

Hor. Do what you will, Sir, question them again,
I'll tell them to you.

Vor. Not so, Sir,
I will not have them told again:

Hor. It rests then.

Vor. That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows
There is no rest at all, but torment making.

Hor.

Hor. True, my heart finds it ; that sits weeping blood now
 For poor *Roxana's* safety. You'l confess, my Lord,
 My love to you has brought me to this danger ?
 I could have liv'd like *Hengist*, King of *Kent*,
London, *York*, *Lincoln*, and *Winchester*,
 Under the power of my Command, the portion
 Of my most just desert, enjoyed now
 By pettier, Deservers.

Vor. Say you so, Sir,
 And you'l confess ? since you began Confession
 (A thing I should have died e're I had thought on)
 Y'have man'd the fashion of your affection utterly,
 In your own wicked counsel, there you paid me,
 You were bound in conscience to love me after,
 You were bound to't, as men in honesty,
 That vitiate Virgins, to give Dowries to them ;
 My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.

Hor. My Lord, my Counsel—

Vor. Why I'll be judg'd by these
 That knit death in their Brows, and hold me now
 Not worth the acception of a flattery,
 Most of whose faces smil'd when I smil'd once ; my Lords:

Urb. Reply not, Brother.

Vor. Seeds of scorn, I mind you not,
 I speak to them alone whose force makes yours a power,
 Which else were none. Shew me the main food of your hate,
 Which cannot be the Murder of *Constantius*
 That crawls in your Revenges ; for your loves
 Were violent long since that.

Lo. And had been still,
 If from that Pagan wound th'hadst kept thee free,
 But when thou fledd'st from Heaven, we fled from thee.

Vor. This was your Counsel now.

Hor. Mine ? 'twas the Counsel
 Of your own lust and blood, your appetite knows it.

Vor. May thunder strike me from these walls, my Lords,
 And leave me many Leagues off from your eyes,
 If this be not the man, whose Stygian Soul

Breath'd

The Mayor of **Quinborough.**

73

Breath'd forth that counsel to me, and sole Plotter
Of all those false injurious disgraces
That have abus'd the vertuous patience
Of our Religious Queen.

Hor. A Devil in madness!

Vor. Upon whose life, I swear, there sticks no stain
But what's most wrongful, and where now she thinks
A rape dwells on her honour, only I
Her Ravisher was, and his the Policy.

Ans. Inhumane practice!

Vor. Now you know the truth,
Will his death serve your fury?

Hor. My death?

Vor. Say, will it do it?

Hor. Say they should say 'twould doe't?

Vor. Why then it must.

Hor. It must?

Vor. It shall, speak but the word, it shall be yielded up.

Hor. Believe him not, he cannot do it.

Vor. Cannot?

Hor. 'Tis but a false and base Infimation
For his own life, and like his late submission.

Vor. Oh sting to honour, alive or dead thou goest *Stabs him.*
For that words rudeness only.

1 Lo. See, sin needs

No other destruction then it breeds in its own bosom.

Vor. Such another brings him.

Hor. What, has thy vile rage stamp'd a wound upon me?
I'll send one to thy soul shall never heal for't.

Vor. How, to my soul?

Hor. It shall be thy master-torment
Both for the pain and the everlastingness.

Vor. Ha, ha, ha.

Hor. Dost laugh? take leave of it, all eternity
Shall never see thee do so much again:
Know th'art a Cuckold.

Vor. What!

Hor. You change too soon, Sir!

K

Roxana,

Roxena, whom th'hast rais'd to thy own ruine,

She was my Whore in *Germany*.

Vor. Burst me open the violence of whirl-winds:

Hor. Hear me out first,

For her embrace, which my flesh yet sits warm in,

I was thy friend and follower.

Vor. Deafen me

Thou most imperious noise that starts the world!

Hor. And to serve both our lusts I practise'd with thee
Against thy vertuous Queen.

Vor. Bane to all Comforts!

Hor. Whose faithful sweetness, too precious for thy blood,
I made thee change for loves Hypocrisie.

Vor. Insufferable!

Hor. Only to make my way to pleasure fearless, free & fluent.

Vor. Hells Trump is in that throat.

Hor. It shall sound shriller.

They stab each other.

Vor. I'll damme it up with death first.

Rox. enters in fear.

Rox. Oh for succour!

Who's neer me? help me, save me, the flame follows me,
'Tis in the figure of young *Vortimer*, the Prince,
Whose life I took by poyson.

Hor. Hold out breath and I shall find thee quickly.

• *Vor.* I'll tug thy soul out here.

Hor. Do Monster:

Rox. Vortiger!

Vor. Monster!

Rox. My Lord!

Vor. Toad, Pagan.

Hor. Viper, Christian.

Rox. Oh hear me,

Oh help me, my Love, my Lord, 'tis here,

Hor. look up, if not to succour me,

To see me yet consum'd; oh what is love

When life is not regarded?

Vor. What strength's left I'll fix upon thy throat.

Both stab,

Hor. I have some force yet.

Hor. falls.

Rox. No way to scape? is this the end of glory?

Doubly

The Mayor of Quinborough.

75

Doubly beset with enemies wrath and fire :

It comes nearer, rivers and fountains fall,

It sucks away my breath, I cannot give

A curse to sin, and hear't out while I live. Help, help.

She falls.

For. Burn, burn, now I can tend thee,

Take time with her in torment, call her life

A far off to thee, dry up her strumper-bloud,

And hard y parch the skin, let one heat strangle her,

Another fetch her to her sense again,

And the worst pain be only her reviving,

Follow her eternally ; oh mystical Harlot,

Thou hast thy full due, whom lust crown'd Queen before

Flames crown her now a most triumphant Whore.

And that end crowns them all.

He falls.

Anr. Our peace is full,

In yon Usurpers fall, nor have I known

A Judgement meet more fearfully.

Here, take this Ring, deliver the good Queen,

And those grave pledges of her murdered honour,

(Her worthy Father, and her noble Uncle.)

How now ! the meaning of these sounds ?

Enter Hengist,

Heng: The Consumer has been here, she's gone, Devon. Staf.

In glowing Cinders now lye all my joys, (she's lost, & *Soldiers.*

The headlong Fortune of my rash Captivity

Strikes not so deep a wound into my hopes

As thy dear loss.

Anr. Her Father and her Uncle !

Lo. They are indeed, my Lord.

Anr. Part of my wishes,

What fortunate power has prevented me,

And e're my love came, brought them victory ?

Lo. My wonder sticks in *Hengist* King of *Kent.*

Devon. My Lord, to make that plaint which now I see

Fix'd in astonishment ; the only name

Of your Return and Being brought such gladness

To this distracted Kingdom, that, to express

A thankfulness to Heaven, it grew great

In charitable Actions, from which goodness

We taste our liberty, who sh^d engag'd
Upon the Innocence of womans honour,
(A kindness that even threatned to undo us)
And having newly but enjoy'd the benefit
And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happiness
To intercept this Monster of Ambition,
Bred in these times of Usurpation,
The rancidness of whose Insolence and Treason
Grew to such height, 'twas arm'd to bid you Battle.
Whom, as our fates Redemption, on our knees
We present Captive.

Aur. Had it needed reason
You richly came provided, I understood
Not your deserts till now; my honoured Lords,
Is this that German Saxon, whose least thirst
Could not be satisfied under a Province?

Heng. Had but my fate directed this bold arm
To thy life, the whole Kingdome had been mine,
That was my hopes great aim; I have a thirst
Could never have been full quench'd under all,
The whole must doe't or nothing.

Aur. A strange draught! And what a little ground shall death now teach you
To be content withal?

Heng. Why let it then,
For none else can, y^e have nam'd the only way
To limit my Ambition, a full cure
For all my fading hopes and sickly fears;
Nor shall it be less we come to me now
Then a fresh acquisition would have been
Unto my new built Kingdoms; Life to me,
(Less it be glorious) is a misery.

Aur. That pleasure we will do you; Lead him out,
And when we have inflicted our just doom
On his usurping head, it will become
Our pious care to see this Realm secur'd
From the Convulsions it hath long endur'd.

Exeunt omnes